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ORIGINAL POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

By FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

16
Dic mihi quid melius defidiosus agam?

MART.



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ORIGINAL FORMS

TRANSATIONS



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THE
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I Should think a Preface to this Volume absolutely unnecessary, except as it furnishes me with an Opportunity of returning my Thanks to those Gentlemen who have favoured me with their Names : and therefore to their Candour and Indulgence, I beg leave to inscribe the following Sheets.

Orpington,
May 1,
1761.

F. FAWKES.

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May 15
1761.

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A POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

**Works of ANACREON, SAPPHO, BION,
MOSCHUS, and MUSÆUS.**

With NOTES, critical and explanatory.

By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

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BRAMHAM-PARK.

T O

ROBERT LANE Esq;

Quis caneret nymphas? quis humum florentibus herbis
Spargeret? aut viridi fontes induceret umbrâ? VIRG.

Written in May 1745.

BRAMHAM PARK

TO

ROBERT LANE ESQ

Qd. caner. nympha? dñs hñmñ hñmñ hñmñ
Spargert? nympha? hñmñ hñmñ hñmñ

WROTHAM

Written in May 1743

*BRAMHAM-PARK,

T O

ROBERT LANE Esq;

THE themes of war to bolder bards belong,
Calm scenes of peace invite my humble song.
LANE, whom kind heav'n has with mild manners
grac'd,

And bless'd with true hereditary taste,
Your blooming virtues these light lays demand,
Wrote in the gardens which your grandfire† plan'd.

When vernal breezes had the glebe unbound,
And universal verdure cloath'd the ground,
Profusely wild the flowers began to spring,
The trees to blossom, and the birds to sing:
As careless thro' those groves I took my way,
Where Bramham gives new beauty to the day,

* A fine seat in Yorkshire belonging to George Fox-Lane Esq;

† Robert, Lord Bingley.

4 B R A M H A M - P A R K .

(What time Aurora, rising from the main,
 With rosy lustre spangled o'er the plain)
 The sylvan scenes a secret joy inspir'd,
 And with soft rapture all my bosom fir'd ;
 When, lo ! my eyes a lovely nymph survey'd,
 With modest step advancing thro' the glade :
 Her bloom divine, and sweet attractive grace,
 Confess'd the guardian Dryad of the place :
 The wind that gave her azure robe to flow,
 Reveal'd a bosom white as Alpine snow ;
 A flowery wreath around her neck she wore,
 And in her hand a branch of olive bore : *
 Adown her shoulders fell her auburn hair,
 That loosely wanton'd with the buxom air,
 The buxom air ambrosial odours shed,
 And sweets immortal breath'd around her head. †
 My eager eyes o'er all her beauties ran,
 When thus the guardian of the woods began.

* *Paciferæque manu ramum prætendit olivæ.*

VIRG. Æn. 8. 116.

† *Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravere.*

VIRG. Æn. 1.

' Thrice happy! whom the fates propitious give
 ' Secure in these sequester'd groves to live,
 ' Where Health, fair goddess, keeps her bloom-
 ' ing court,
 ' And all the nymphs, and all the graces sport :
 ' How beautifully chang'd the scene appears
 ' Within the compass of a thousand years !
 ' Then fierce Bellona drench'd these plains in
 blood,
 ' Then virtue wander'd in the lonely wood—
 ' But hear! while I mysterious truths disclose,
 ' Whose dire remembrance wakens all my woes.
 ' In antient days when ALFRED*, sacred name !
 ' (ALFRED the first in virtue as in fame)

* ALFRED. This most accomplished prince began his
 reign A. D. 872, at a time when the Danes, after several
 invasions, had entirely over-run the kingdom, whom by
 his extraordinary valour and conduct he dispossessed of it.
Circa Egberti tempora, anno Christi 800, nostra littora primum in-
festarunt Dani. Postea mare cælo miscentes, multos annos per An-
gliam grassati, urbibus excisis, templis succensis, & agris vastatis,
omnia barbarâ immanitate egerunt, verterunt, rapuerunt.

CAMDEN.

- ‘ This barbarous isle with liberal arts refin’d,
- ‘ Taught wholesomelaws, and moraliz’d mankind;
- ‘ The ruthless Danes o’er all the country ran,
- ‘ They levell’d cities, and they murder’d man :
- ‘ Nor fields, nor fanes, nor sex, nor age were free
- ‘ From fire and sword, from lust and cruelty.
- ‘ To tend my father’s flock was then my care,
- ‘ And country swains were wont to call me fair.
- ‘ Not hence far distant I secur’d my charms,
- ‘ Till rous’d from danger by the din of arms
- ‘ To a lone cave, with nymphs a chosen few,
- ‘ Secret I fled, conceal’d from human view,
- ‘ Secret and safe, till (storm’d the country round)
- ‘ Our close retreat the fierce barbarians found.
- ‘ What could we do the furious foe to shun?—
- ‘ To die seem’d better than to be undone.
- ‘ Diana, huntress of the woodland shades,
- ‘ Chaste guardian of the purity of maids,
- ‘ With silver bows supplied the virgin train,
- ‘ And manly courage to repel the Dane.

‘ But what, alas ! avails the manly heart,
‘ When female force emits the feeble dart ?
‘ Tho’ thrice three victims to our vengeance fell,
‘ Tho’ my keen shafts dispatch’d their chief to hell;
‘ Too soon our fate with anguish we deplor’d,
‘ Doom’d to the slaughter of the conquering sword:
‘ But happy they whose sufferings heav’n approves;
‘ Heav’n will reward that virtue which it loves.
‘ The queen who makes bright chastity her care,
‘ Thus to almighty Jove prefer’d her prayer ;
‘ That we for ever in these shades might rove,
‘ Nymphs of the wood, and guardians of the grove.
‘ Well I remember, as I trembling lay,
‘ Pale, breathless, cold, expiring on the clay,
‘ How by degrees my mortal frame refin’d,
‘ Nor left one earthly particle behind ;
‘ In every nerve a pleasing change began,
‘ And thro’ my veins the streams immortal ran:
‘ Soft on my mind ecstastick visions stole,
‘ And heav’n-felt raptures dawn’d upon my soul :

' E'er since I guard the groves, the woods, the plain,
 ' Chief Dryad of the tutelary train;
 ' Supremely blest'd where all conspires to please,
 ' War, civil war alone disturbs my ease.
 ' How did my soul recoil with secret dread
 ' When bold Northumberland * his army led,
 ' Ill-fated Britons, whom he brought from far,
 ' Against his sovereign waging horrid war!
 ' I saw the combat on the neighbouring plain,
 ' A knight victorious, and old Percy slain;
 ' I saw his visage, that with anguish frown'd,
 ' And seem'd in rage to roll its eyes around,
 ' Borne in mock triumph from the fatal field;
 ' The azure † lion on the golden shield

* In the year 1408, the old Earl of Northumberland and his army was overthrown on Bramham-Moor by Sir Thomas Rookby, then high-sheriff of Yorkshire, and the *posse comitatus* of the county, and slain in the battle.

' The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
 ' With a great pow'r of English and of Scots,
 ' Are by the sh'riff of Yorkshire overthrown.

SHAKESPEAR'S Hen. IV.

† The arms of Percy are, Or, a lion rampant azure.

Wav'd

BRAMHAM - PARK. 9

' Wav'd vainly rampant. But what horrors chill'd
 ' My heaving heart, and thro' my bosom thrill'd !
 ' When direful discord Britain's sons compell'd
 ' To war on * Towton's memorable field.
 ' I see the ranks embattel'd on the plain,
 ' Torrents of blood, and mountains of the slain;
 ' See kindred hosts with rival rage contend,
 ' Deaf to the names of father, and of friend ;
 ' The brother by a brother's sword expires,
 ' And sons are slain by unrelenting fires.
 ' The brook, that flow'd a scanty stream before,
 ' Swell'd to a river red with human gore :

* A neighbouring village, near which on the 29th day of March (being Palm Sunday) A.D. 1461, was fought a most remarkable and bloody battle between the houses of York and Lancaster : the number of the Yorkists, headed by Edward, Earl of March, amounted to about 40,600 men, the Lancastrians were 60,000. This battle proved decisive in favour of the house of York, and in consequence of it, Edward was in June 1461, crowned King of England, &c. There were killed in this engagement 36,776 men. The rivulet Cock, adjoining to the field of battle, and the river Wharfe, were for several days, in a very extraordinary manner, discoloured with the blood of the slain. For a circumstantial account of this battle, see *Drake's Eboracum*.

' Verbeia

- ' Verbeia* then in wild amazement stood,
 ' To see her silver urn distain'd with blood ;
 ' Verbeia, erst her waters wont to lead
 ' In peaceful murmurs thro' the flowery mead,
 ' To purge her currents from the crimson stain,
 ' Swift pour'd her waves to mingle with the main.
 ' Oft, as with shining share he plows the field, †
 ' The swain astonish'd finds the massy shield,
 ' On whose broad bos, sad source of various woes,
 ' He views engrav'd the long-disputed Rose.
 ' Huge human bones the fruitful furrows hide
 ' Of once-fam'd heroes that in battle died :
 ' Now all dire feuds, and curst contentions o'er,
 ' They sleep in peace, and kindle wars no more :

* *Verbeia* was the Roman name for the river Wharfe ;
 see an antient inscription quoted by Camden.

† ——— ——— ——— finibus illis
 Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
 Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila :
 Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
 Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.

VIRG. GEOR. I.

' The

‘ The friend, the foe, the noble, and the slave,
‘ Rest undistinguish’d in one common grave.
‘ But let us now, since genial spring invites,
‘ And lavish nature varies her delights,
‘ Partake the general joy, and sweetly stray,
‘ Where the birds warble, and the waters play;
‘ Where Flora decks the dewy dale with flowers,
‘ And beeches twine their branches into bowers,
‘ The warbling birds, the gales that gently blow,
‘ May tune thy reed, and teach the verse to flow.’

Thus spoke the nymph with soft alluring grace,
And led me round the flow’r-embroider’d place;
Thro’ every variegated rural scene
Of shady forest, and of meadow green,
Of winding valleys, and of rising hills,
Of mossy fountains and translucent rills;
Where downs, or level lawns expanded wide,
The groves, the garden, and the wood divide;
Where walks by long-extended walks are crost,
And alleys in meandering alleys lost ;

The

The dubious traces intricately run,
And end erroneous where they first begun :
Where Saxon fanes, that in fair order rise,
With elegant simplicity surprize.
Where'er the nymph directs my ravish'd sight,
New scenes appear that give a new delight :
Here spiry firs extend their lengthen'd ranks,
Their violets blossom on the sunny banks ;
Here horn-beam hedges regularly grow,
There hawthorns whiten, and wild roses blow.
Luxuriant Flora paints the purple plain,
And in the gardens waves the golden grain ;
Curl'd round tall tufted trees the woodbine weaves
In fond embrace its tendrils with the leaves :
Sweet-scented shrubs a rich perfume exhale,
And health ambrosial floats on every gale.
From rusby-fringed founts rise sparkling rills
That glide in mazy windings down the hills :
Or under pendent shades of ozers flow,
Dispensing moisture to the plants below :

Now,

Now, hid beneath the flowery turf, they pass
Ingulph'd, now sport along the velvet grass,
With many an error slowly-lingering stray,
And murmuring in their course reluctant roll
away ;

Thence into lucid lakes profusely fall
Foaming, or form the beautiful canal,
So smooth, so level, that it well might pass
For Cytherea's face-reflecting glass,
(Save when mild zephyrs o'er the surface stray,
Curl the light waves, and on its bosom play)
Yet to the bottom so distinctly clear,
The eye might number every pebble there ;
And every fish that quickly-glancing glides,
Sports in the stream, and shows his silver sides.

. If thro' the glades I turn my raptur'd eyes,
What various views, what lovely landships rise ?
Here a once-hospitable mansion stands
'Midst fruitful plains, and cultivated lands ;
There russet heaths, with fields of corn between,
And peaceful cotts, and hamlets intervene :

14 B R A M H A M - P A R K .

These far-stretch'd views direct me to admire
 A tower dismantled, or a lofty spire,
 Or farm imbosom'd in some aged wood,
 Or lowing herds that crop the flowery food ;
 Thro' these, irriguous vales, and lawns appear,
 And fleecy flocks, and nimble-footed deer :
 Sun-glittering villas, and bright streams are seen,
 Gay meads, rough rocks, hoar hills, and forests
 green :

As when Belinda works, with art divine,
 In the rich screen some curious, gay design ;
 Quick as the fair the nimble needle plies,
 Cott's, churches, towers, or villages arise ;
 A varied group of flocks, and herds, and swains,
 Groves, fountains, fields, and daisy-painted
 plains ;

At Bramham thus with ravish'd eyes we see
 How order strives with sweet variety :
 Nature, kind goddess, joins the aid of art
 To plan, to form, and finish every part.

But

But now beneath the beechen shade reclin'd,
 Whose tall top trembling dances in the wind,
 Fast by the falling of a hoarse cascade,
 What glowing transports all my breast invade?
 Down channel'd stone collected currents flow,
 And steal obliquely thro' the vale below;
 The feather'd songsters on the trees above
 Attune their voices to the notes of love,
 Notes so melodiously distinct and clear,
 They charm my soul, and make it heav'n to hear.

O! what descriptive eloquence can tell
 The woods, and winding walks of Boscobell*?
 The various vistas, and the grassy glades,
 The bowery coverts in sequester'd shades?
 Or where the wandering eye with pleasure sees!
 A spacious amphitheatre of trees?
 Or where the differing avenues unite,
 Conducting to more pompous scenes the sight?

* *Boscobell*. A beautiful wood, disposed in an elegant taste,
 and separated from the gardens by the park.

Lo!

Lo! what high mounds immense divide the moor,
Stretch'd from the southern to the northern shore!
These are but relicks of the Roman way,
Where the firm legions march'd in dread array,
Where rode the hero in his iron car,
And big with vengeance roll'd the mighty war :
Here oft the Curious coins and urns explore,
Which future Meads and Pembrokes shall adore ;
To me more pleasing far yon tranquil dell
Where Labour, Health, and sweet Contentment
 dwell ;
More pleasing far beside yon aged oaks
Grotesque and wild the cottage chimney smokes.
Fair to the view old Ebor's temple stands,
The work of ages, rais'd by holy hands ;
How firm the venerable pile appears !
Reverend with age, but not impair'd by years.
O! could I build the heav'n-directed rhyme,
Strong as thy fabrick, as thy tow'rs sublime ;
Then would the muse on bolder pinions rise,
And make thy turrets emulate the skies.

Such

Such are the scenes where woodland nymphs
resort,

And such the gardens where the Graces sport :
Would Fate this verse to future times prolong,
These scenes should bloom for ever in my song.
Not Tempe's plains so beautiful appear,
Nor flow Castalia's sacred springs so clear ;

The Muses, had they known this lov'd retreat,
Had left Parnassus for a nobler feat.

Well may these groves in elegance excel,
When LANE completes what BINGLEY plann'd
so well ;

Bids crystal currents sweetly-murmuring flow,
Fair temples rise, and future navies grow.

Here D——n might an idle hour employ,
And those diversions, which he loves, enjoy ;

With wary spaniels furrow'd fields beset,
And close the partridge in the filken net :

Or search the woods, and with unerring aim
With leaden wounds transfix the flying game :

Or with staunch hounds the wily fox pursue,
And trace his footsteps o'er the tainted dew.
With what delight would friendly N—y change
Don's * fertile valleys for this ampler range?
And with the music of th' enlivening horn
Cheer the fleet pack, and wake the lingering morn.
But lo! faint Phœbus darts a languid ray,
And gold-edg'd clouds foretel the close of day;
The nymph observant took her airy flight,
And, like a vision, vanish'd from my sight.

* *Don.* The river that runs by Doncaster.

A DE-

A
D E S C R I P T I O N
O F
CALYPSO and her GROTTTO.

From TELEMACHUS, Book I.

THE Queen he follow'd as she mov'd along
Surrounded by her nymphs, a beauteous
throng ;

But far the fairest, and supremely tall,

She walk'd majestic, and outshone them all :

Thus 'midst a grove the princely oak appears,

And high in air his branching honours rears.

Her radiant beauty charm'd his youthful mind,

Her purple robe that floated in the wind,

And locks bound graceful with a clasp behind : }

But her bright eyes, instilling fond desire,

Beam'd sweetness temper'd with celestial fire.

Sage Mentor follow'd, as in thought profound,

And silent fix'd his eyes upon the ground.

20 CALYPSO'S GROTTO.

And now, conducted by the royal dame,

* Soon to the entrance of her grott they came,
Amaz'd to find within this lonely cell
Nature with all her rural graces dwell.

* Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to see Homer's description of this famous grotto, as it is translated by Mr. Pope from the fifth book of the *Odyssey*.

Large was the grott, in which the nymph he found,
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd)
She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And thro' the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grott, a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form;
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.

There no high-polish'd marble they behold,
 No storied columns, and no sculptur'd gold;
 No speaking busts, no silver richly wrought,
 No breathing pictures seem'd inform'd with
 thought.

The grott, divided into various cells,
 Was deck'd with spar, and variegated shells;
 The place of tap'stry a young vine supply'd,
 And spread her pliant arms on ev'ry side:
 Cool zephyrs, tho' the sun intensely glow'd,
 Breath'd thro' the place sweet freshness as they
 flow'd.

O'er amaranthine beds fair fountains stray'd,
 And, softly murmuring, in the meadows play'd,
 Or in broad basons pour'd the crystal wave,
 Where oft the Goddesses wont her limbs to lave.
 Fast by the grott sweet flowers of every hue,
 Purpling the lawn, in gay confusion grew.
 Here wav'd a wood, all glorious to behold;
 Of trees that bloom with vegetable gold;

22 CALYPSO'S GROTTO.

Whose branches, in eternal blossom, yield
Fragrance delicious as the flowery field.
This wood, impervious to the solar ray,
Crown'd the fair spot, and guarded it from day.
Here birds melodious pour'd the sprightly song ;
There torrents thunder'd the rough rocks among,
Down dash'd precipitately from the hills,
Then o'er the level lawn diffus'd their curling
rills.

Calypso's grotto crown'd the breezy steep,
From whence appear'd the party-colour'd deep ;
Now smooth and even as a mirror seen,
Now vainly wreaking on the rocks its spleen
Indignant, foaming with tremendous roar,
And in huge mountains rolling to the shore.
More pleasing was the prospect to the plain ;
A river, winding thro' the rich champaign,
Form'd various isles with lines sweet-flowering
crown'd,
And cloud-aspiring poplars border'd round.

Among

Among the banks the sportive waters play'd,
 And woo'd the lovely islands which they made:
 Some swiftly pour'd their crystal currents strong;
 Some led their waves with liquid lapse along;
 With many an error lingering seem'd to stray, }
 As if they wish'd for ever here to stay, }
 And murmuring in their course reluctant roll'd }
 away. }

The distant mountains their hoar heads on high
 Upheav'd, and lost their summits in the sky:
 Their airy forms fantastic pleas'd the sight,
 And fill'd the mind with wonder and delight.
 The neighb'ring hills were spread by nature's boon
 With vines that hung in many a fair festoon;
 Whose swelling grapes in richest purple dy'd,
 The leaves attempted, but in vain, to hide:
 So lov'd the generous vine to flourish here,
 It bent beneath the plenty of the year.
 Here purple figs with luscious juice overflow'd,
 With deepen'd red the full pomegranate glow'd;

24 CALYPSO's GROTTÖ.

The peaceful olive spread her branches round,
And every tree, with verdant honours crown'd,
Whose fruit the taste, whose flower the eye might
cheer,

And seem'd to make a new Elyfium here.

CAMBRIDGE, 1738.



AN
EPI THALAMIC ODE.

INTENDED FOR MUSIC.

Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula. HOR.

CLAD in flow'r-embroider'd veil,
Hail, auspicious morning, hail!

When in Hymen's holy bands
Blooming Emily, the fair,
And Eugenio, happy pair!

Chang'd their hearts, and join'd their hands.
Virgin coldness then relented,
Like the snow before the sun,
Then sweet Emily consented,
Not unwilling, to be won.

AIR.

26 EPITHALAMIC ODE.

A I R.

Ye sons of harmony, prepare
Your hymns to greet this happy pair :
Let the sweet notes, distinctly clear,
In soft divisions melt upon the ear,
Such as may all the tender passions move,
Sooth the rapt soul, and be the food of love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Hark ! the mighty queen of sound
Wakes each instrument around,
The merry pipe, the mellow-breathing lute,
The warbling lyre, the love-lamenting lute :
Now the light fantastic measure
Ravishes our ears with pleasure :
Now the trumpets loud and shrill,
From yon river-circled hill,
With manly notes our hearts inspire,
And emulate the golden lyre ;

While

EPITHALAMIC ODE. 27

While the majestic, deep-mouth'd organs blow
In lengthen'd strains magnificently flow,
Divinely sweet, and delicately strong ;
Till gently dying by degrees,
Like the last murmurs of the breeze,
Expires the soft-attenuated song :
And at the close of each mellifluous lay,
This verse is sung in honour of the day.

C H O R U S.

Happy they as Gods above
Whom Hymen binds in wreaths of love !
Love's pure flame itself endears,
And brightens with the length of years :
Love contents the humble state,
And show'rs down blessings on the great,
Sooths desires that wildly roll,
And calms the tempests of the soul.

R E C I-

28 EPITHALAMIC ODE.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But, lo ! sweet Emily, the fair,
And Eugenio, happy pair !
With placid look and graceful mien,
Appear advancing o'er the green :
Mark well the youth's love-darting eye,
Soft-beaming with expressive joy,
To view the object of his wishes near,
Mild as the gentlest season of the year,
Blooming as health, and fresh as early day,
Fair, sweet, and bright as all the flowers of May.
And as, intent upon her charms,
Eugenio woos the damsel to his arms,
Her cheeks, vermilion'd with a lovely blush,
Glow like twin roses on the verdant bush :
While thus, methinks, I hear him say,
‘ Come, my fair one, come away ;
‘ Let us fleeting time improve
‘ In the chaste joys of wedded love :

EPITHALAMIC ODE. 29

- ‘ I see propitious Hymen stand,
- ‘ His torch bright-blazing in his hand,
- ‘ To light us to the genial bed
- ‘ By the decent Graces spread,
- ‘ Where the rosy-finger’d Hours
- ‘ Scatter never-fading flowers.
- ‘ Love admits not of delay,
- ‘ Haste, my fair one, haste away.’

And you, heav’n-favour’d pair,

Who now the purest pleasures share,

In happy union may you long enjoy

Those heart-felt blandishments that never cloy:

And may kind Heav’n the full abundance pour

Of nuptial blessings in a fruitful shower;

Crown all our wishes with a beauteous race,

That may your bright accomplishments inherit,

The mother’s mildness, loveliness, and grace,

The father’s honest heart, and sense, and gene-

rous spirit;

Like

30 EPITHALAMIC ODE.

Like two pure springs whose gentle rills unite,
Long may your stream of life serenely glide,

Thro' verdant vales, and meadows of delight,
Where flow'rs unnumber'd, deckt in beauty's pride,
Blow on the blissful banks, and bloom on either side.

May no rude tempest discompose

Your course of quiet as it flows,

No clouded care, no chilling fear,

Nor anxious murmur hover there;

But mildest zephyrs on the surface play,

And waft each light disquietude away :

Till after all the winding journey past,

You mingle with eternity at last.

That tranquil sea, where sorrows are no more,

No storm-vext billóws lash the peaceful shore :

There in heav'n's bliss embosom'd may you prove,

The height of endless happiness and love.

THE

THE
DEATH of the LARK.

1738.

THE golden sun, emerging from the main,
Beams a blue lustre on the dewy plain;
Elate with joy all creatures hail his rise,
That haunt the forest, or that skim the skies.
Gay-blooming flow'rs their various charms renew,
A breathing fragrance, or a lovely hue:
Sweet pipes the shepherd, the fair morn to greet,
To his stout team the ploughman whistles sweet.
All Nature smiles around. On airy wing
The Lark, harmonious herald of the spring,
Rises aloft to breath his mattins loud
On the bright bosom of some fleecy cloud.
Ah! little conscious that he dies to-day,
He sports his hour in innocence away,
And from the treble of his tuneful throat
Pours the soft strain, or trills the sprightly note;
Or

32 DEATH OF THE LARK.

Or calls his mate, and as he sweetly sings,
Soars in the sun-beam, wavering on his wings.
The ruthless fowler, with unerring aim,
Points the dire tube——forth streams the sudden
flame :

Swift in hoarse thunder flies the leaden wound,
The rigid rocks return the murdering sound ;
The strains unfinish'd with the warbler die,
Float into air, and vanish in the sky.

Thus oft, fond man, rejoicing in his might,
Sports in the sunshine of serene delight ;
Fate comes unseen, and snaps the thin-spun thread,
He dies, and sleeps forgotten with the dead.



THE
SPARROW.

From CATULLUS. 1738.

ALL ye gentle powers above,
Venus, and thou God of love;
All ye gentle souls below,
That can melt at others woe;
Lesbia's loss with tears deplore,
Lesbia's sparrow is no more;
Late she wont her bird to prize
Dearer than her own bright eyes.
Sweet it was, and lovely too,
And its mistress well it knew.
Nectar from her lips it sipt,
Here it hopt, and there it skipt:
Oft it wanton'd in the air,
Chirping only to the fair:

D

Oft

Oft it lull'd its head to rest
On the pillow of her breast.
Now, alas! it chirps no more;
All its blandishments are o'er:
Death has summon'd it to go
Pensive to the shades below;
Dismal regions! from whose bourn
No pale travellers return.
Death! relentless to destroy
All that's form'd for love or joy!
Joy is vanish'd, love is fled,
For my Lesbia's sparrow's dead.
Lo, the beauteous nymph appears
Languishingly drown'd in tears!

ON THE
DEATH of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

September, 1739.

Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.

JOB, xiv. 2.

SHORT and precarious is the life of man ;
The line seems fathomless, but proves a span ;
A youth of follies, an old-age of sorrow ;
Like flowers, to-day we bloom, we die to-
morrow.

Say then, what specious reasons can we give ?
And why this longing, fond desire to live ?
Blind as we are to what the Lord ordains,
We stretch our troubles, and prolong our pains.

But you, blest genius, dear departed shade,
Now wear a chaplet that shall never fade ;
Now sit exalted in those realms of rest,
Where virtue reigns, and innocence is blest.

36 ON THE DEATH, &c.

Relentless death's inevitable doom
Untimely wrapt you in the silent tomb,
Ere the first tender down o'erspread your chin,
A stranger yet to sorrow, and to sin.

As some sweet rose-bud, that has just begun
To ope its damask beauties in the sun,
Cropt by a virgin's hand, remains confest
A sweeter rose-bud in her balmy breast.

Thus the fair youth, when heav'n requir'd his
 breath,
Sunk, sweetly smiling, in the arms of death;
For endless joys exchanging endless strife,
And bloom'd renew'd in everlasting life.

A N
E P I S T L E

T O A

FRIEND IN YORKSHIRE.

HAPPY the Briton, whom indulgent Fate
Has fix'd securely in the middle state,
The golden mean, where joys for ever flow,
Nor riches raise too high, nor wants depress too
low ;

Stranger to faction, in his calm retreat,
Far from the noise of cities, and the great,
His days, like streams, that feed the vivid grass,
And give fair flowers to flourish as they pass,
Weaving their way, in sacred silence flow,
And scarcely breathe a murmur as they go.
No hopes, nor fears his steady mind can vex,
No schemes of state, or politics perplex :
Whate'er propitious Providence has sent
He holds sufficient, and himself content.

38 EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Tho' no proud columns grace his marble hall,
Nor Claude nor Guido animate the wall ;
Blest who with sweet security can find,
In health of body, and in peace of mind,
His easy moments pass without offence
In the still joys of rural innocence.
Such was the life our ancestors admir'd,
And thus illustrious from the world retir'd:
Thus to the woodland shades my friend repairs
With the lov'd partner of his joys and cares,
Whose social temper can his griefs allay,
And smile each light anxiety away :
In cheerful converse sweetly form'd to please,
With wit good-natur'd, and polite with ease :
Blest with plain prudence, ignorant of art,
Her native goodness wins upon your heart.
Not fond of state, nor eager of controul,
Her face reflects the beauties of her soul.
Such charms still bloom when youth shall fade
away,
And the brief roses of the face decay. O!

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND. 39

O! would propitious Heav'n fulfil my prayer,
(The bliss of man is Providence's care)
Such be the tranquil tenour of my life,
And such the virtues of my future wife;
With her in calm, domestic leisure free,
Let me possess serene obscurity;
In acts of meek benevolence delight,
And to the widow recompense her mite.
Thus far from crowds, not thoughtless of my end,
With reading, musing, writing, and a friend,
May silent pleasures every hour delude
In sweet oblivion of solicitude.

CAMBRIDGE, 1741.

On a LADY's fingering, and playing upon
the Harpsichord.

'SAY, Zephyr, what musick enchants the
gay plains?

'As soft and as sweet as the nightingale's strains;

'My heart it goes pitapatee, with a bound,

'And gently transported beats time to the sound.

'O say, is it Sappho that touches the strings?

'And some song of the Syren's you bear on your
wings?'

Said Zephyr, and whisper'd distinctly the lays,

'Tis Belinda that sings, and Belinda that plays.'

Ah! swains, if you value your freedom, beware,

You hear her sweet voice, and I know that she's
fair;

She's fair and inconstant; and thus with her art,

She will ravish your ears to inveigle your heart.

O N

ON THE
DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The EARL of UXBRIDGE.

Obiit 30^e Aug. A. D. 1743. Ætat. 83.

Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus. LUCR.

AS'midst the stars the cheering lamp of light,
In heav'n's high concave eminently bright,
First tips the mountains with a golden ray,
Then gradual streams effulgency of day,
Till more serenely, with a mild decline,
Regretted sinks, in other worlds to shine:

Thus from the world, an age of honour past,
Pride of the present, glory of the last,
Retir'd great UXBRIDGE to the blest abode,
To live for ever with the Saints of God;
There in celestial lustre to appear,
And share the wages of his labours here.

When

When the last trump shall rouse the dead that sleep
Entomb'd in earth, or buried in the deep ;
When worlds dissolving on that awful day,
And all the elements shall melt away ;
When every word shall be in judgment brought,
Weigh'd every action, canvass'd every thought :
Then shall thy alms in sweet memorial rise,
More grateful than the incens'd sacrifice :
The gladden'd widow's blessing shall be heard,
And prayers in fervency of soul preferr'd.
The Lord shall bless thee, and well pleas'd survey
The tears of * orphans wip'd by thee away.

What ! but a virtue resolutely just,
Firm to its purpose, steady to its trust,
The full persuasion, and the true delight
Of having acted by the rules of right,
Could to thy soul a conscious calm impart,
When Death severe approach'd, and shook his
dreadful dart.

* His Lordship gave 2000 l. to the Foundling Hospital ;
1000 l. to St. George's, Hyde-Park Corner ; and near an-
other 1000 l. to the neighbouring parishes where he lived.

Twas this thy faith confirm'd, thy joy refin'd,
And spoke sweet solace to thy troubled mind;
This turn'd to silent peace each rising dread,
And sooth'd the terrors of the dying bed.

May we like thee in piety excel,
Believe as stedfastly, and act as well;
Cleave to the good, and from the bad depart,
And wear the scriptures written in our heart * :
Then shall we live, like thee, serenely gay,
And every moment calmly pass away :
And when this transitory life is o'er,
And all these earthly vanities no more,
Shall go where perfect peace is only found,
And streams of pleasure flow, an everlasting round.

* It is remarkable that his Lordship could repeat, *memoriter*, all the Gospels, the Psalms, and other considerable parts of the Old and New Testament.

September 3, 1743.



TO

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The COUNTESS of UXBRIDGE.

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH of the EARL, her HUSBAND.

CEASE, cease illustrious partner of his bed,
O! cease the tributary tear to shed:
Mourn not for him whom God has given to die
From earthly vanities to heavenly joy.
These are the greatest honours we can give,
To mark his ways, and as he liv'd to live.
Still bloom in goodness as you bloom'd before;
Heaven asks but this, and saints can do no more:
Exert each virtue of the Christian mind,
And still continue friend of human kind.
Be this your chief delight, for 'tis the best,
With ready alms to succour the distress'd;

To

TO THE COUNTESS, &c, 55

To cloath the naked, and the hungry feed,
Nor pass a day without some gracious deed.
These acts are grateful to JEHOVAH's eye,
For these the poor shall bless you ere they die :
These hide our sins, these purchase solid gain,
And these shall bring you to your Lord again.

September 6, 1743.



TO

To L A U R A. 1742.

WITH generous wishes let me greet
your ear,

Wishes which LAURA may with safety hear.

May all the blessings to your portion fall,
The wise can want, for you deserve them all :
Soft joy, sweet ease, and ever-blooming health,
Calmness of mind, and competence of wealth ;
Whate'er th' Almighty Father can bestow,
To crown the happiness of man below.
And when with all those virtues, all those charms,
You deign to bless some happy husband's arms ;
May he in every manly grace excel,
To glad the virgin who deserves so well :
Bless'd with plain sense, with native humour gay,
To rule with prudence, and with pride obey ;
To kindness fashion'd, with mild temper fraught,
And form'd, if possible, without a fault.

Long

Long may ye live, of mutual love possess'd,
Like streams uniting, in each other bless'd;
Till Death shall gently call you hence away
From life's vain business to the realms of day;
May Death unfelt the common summons give, —
And both, like righteous Enoch, cease to live;
Cease from a life beset with cares and pain,
And in eternal glories meet again.



SONG to LAURA Absent.

January 1745.

COME, Laura, joy of rural swains,
O! come, and bless our cheerless plains;
The skies still drooping mourn in showers,
No meadows bloom with bright-ey'd flowers,
No daisies spring, no beeches bud,
No linnets warble in the wood;
Cold winter checks with blasts severe
The early-dawning of the year.

Come, lovely Laura, haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees;
Where-e'er you walk the daisies spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer;
O! haste, and make us happy here.

A

NOSEGAY for LAURA.

July 1745.

COME, ye fair, ambrosial flowers,
Leave your beds, and leave your bowers,
Blooming, beautiful, and rare,
Form a posy for my fair;
Fair, and bright, and blooming be,
Meet for such a nymph as she.
Let the young vermilion rose
A becoming blush disclose;
Such as LAURA's cheeks display,
When she steals my heart away.
Add carnation's varied hue,
Moisten'd with the morning dew:
To the woodbine's fragrance join
Sprigs of snow-white jessamine.

E

Add

Add no more ; already I
Shall, alas ! with envy die,
Thus to see my Rival blest,
Sweetly dying on her breast.

etw
Gsw

TO

To L A U R A Absent.

November 1745.

IF you ever heard my prayer,
Hear it now, indulgent fair ;
Let your swain no longer mourn,
But return, my fair, return.

Lo ! tempestuous winter near
Stains the evening of the year ;
Gloomy clouds obscure the day,
Nature ceases to be gay ;
The sweet tenants of the grove
Warble no soft tales of love :
Rise, my fair, and bring with thee
Joy for all, but love for me.

Where are all those blooming flowers
That adorn'd my rural bowers ?
Dappled pinks, and violets blue,
And the tulip's gaudy hue,

Lillies white, and roses red ?
All are wither'd, all are dead :
Yes—they hasten'd to decay,
When my LAURA went away ;
When she comes, again they'll rise,
Blooming where she points her eyes.

Hark ! I hear a sound from far,
Clanking arms, the din of war,
Dreadful music to my ear !
All was peace when you was here.
Now Rebellion shakes the land,
Murder waves her bloody hand ;
High in air their banners fly,
Dreadful tumults rend the sky :
Rise, my fair, and bring with thee
Softer, sweeter, harmony ;
All my doubts and fears remove,
Give me freedom, give me love ;
Discord when you come will cease,
And in my bosom all be peace.

TO HIS GRACE
Dr. THOMAS HERRING,
LORD ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,
On his SICKNESS and RECOVERY.

June 25, 1753.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuq;
Lætus interfis populo Britanno. HOR.

WHILE rosy health abounds in every
breeze,
Smiles in the flowers, and blossoms in the trees,
Matures the fields, and in the fountain flows,
Breathes thro' all life, and in all nature glows;
Why droops AURELIUS by sharp pains oppress'd,
Whose danger saddens every virtuous breast?
Enough, enough has Heav'n's afflicting hand
With arms and earthquakes terrified the land:
On foreign plains has stream'd the British blood,
And British heroes perish'd in the flood:

FREDERICK, alas ! the kingdom's justest pride,
Fair in the bloom of all his virtues, died.

Ah ! generous master of the candid mind,
Light of the world, and friend of human kind,
Leave us not cause our sorrows to renew,
Nor fear the falling of the state in you.

I see, I see conspicuous how you stood,
And dauntless crush'd Rebellion in the bud ;
With Ciceronian energy divine,
Dashing the plots of fraudulent Catiline.
Your righteous zeal the brave Brigantes warm'd,
Silent they heard, approv'd, united, arm'd :

Ye gales, that on the downs of Surry stray,
Sleep on the Mole *, or on the Vandal * play,
From every flower medicinal that springs,
Waft balmy fragrance with your temperate wings,
The grace, the glory of the church restore,
And save the friend, the father of the poor.

* Two rivers in Surry, thus described by Mr. Pope :
The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears,
And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood.

And lo! our prayers, with fervency preferr'd,
Rise sweet as incense, and by Heav'n are heard :
The genial season, with refreshing rains,
Bright-beaming mornings, health-exhaling plains,
And pure etherial gales conspire to heal
Our public father for the public weal.

Oh! by kind Providence to Britain given,
Long may you live, and late revisit heaven ;
Continue still to bless us with your stay,
Nor wish for heav'n, till we have learnt the way.
So by your pattern shall our years be spent
In sweet tranquillity, and gay content ;
So shall we rise immortal from the dust,
And gain the blissful kingdoms of the just.



T O

Mrs. H E R R I N G.

With four ODES on the SEASONS.

SINCE your Goodness poetical tribute demands,

Permit the four Seasons to kiss your fair hands :

And if in right colours your virtues I view,

The Seasons, dear madam, are emblems of you.

In the gentle Spring's delicate flowerets I trace

The beams of your eyes, and the bloom of your
face :

The bright glowing ardour of Summer I find

Express'd in your friendly, benevolent mind :

As bountiful Autumn with plenty is crown'd,

Thus calm you distribute your blessings around :

But with you how shall I cold Winter compare ?

Your wit is as piercing and keen as the air.

Thus you furnish with emblems whenever I sing

Of Winter, or Autumn, or Summer, or Spring.

A

A VERNAL ODE,

Sent to his GRACE the

LORD ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,

March 12, 1754.

I.

BRIGHT God of day, whose genial
power

Revives the buried seed ;

That spreads with foliage every bower,

With verdure every mead ;

Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,

Diffusing mildness thro' the sky ;

Give the soft Season to our drooping plains,

Sprinkled with rosy dews, and salutary rains.

II.

II.

Enough has Winter's hand severe
Chastis'd this dreary coast,
And chill'd the tender dawning year
With desolating frost:
Give but thy vital beams to play,
These ice-wrought scenes will melt away;
And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming
Hours
Will wake the drowsy Spring, the Spring awake
the flowers.

III.

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
On Zephyr's wings descend,
And scatter pleasures, as she flies,
Where Surry's downs extend:
There HERRING woos her friendly power;
There may she all her roses shower;
To heal that Shepherd all her balms employ,
So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

IV.

The grateful Seasons, circling fast,
 Reviving suns restore,
 But Life's short Spring is quickly past,
 And blooms, alas! no more;
 Then let us, ere by sure decays
 We reach the Winter of our days,
 In virtue emulate the blest'd above,
 And like the Spring display benevolence and love.

ODE

ODE TO SUMMER.

By a Gentleman of CAMBRIDGE.

I.

HA I L, gentle Summer to this isle !
Where Nature's fairest beauties smile,
And breathe in every plain ;
'Tis thine to bid each flower display,
And open to the eye of day
The glories of its reign.

II.

While yon few sheep enjoy the breeze,
That softly dies upon the trees,
And rest beneath the shade ;
This pipe, which Damon gave, shall raise
Its rural notes to sing thy praise,
And ask the Muse's aid.

III.

Diana's ear shall catch the sound,
And all the Nymphs that sport around

ODE TO SUMMER. 61

The vale, or upland lawn ;
The Nymphs, that o'er the mountain's brow,
Pursue the lightly-bounding roe,
Or chase the flying fawn.

IV.

Ev'n now, perchance, some cool retreat
Defends the lovely train from heat,
And Phœbus' noontide beam ;
Perchance, they twine the flowery crown
On beds of roses, soft as down,
Beside the winding stream.

V.

Delightful season ! every mead
With thy fair robe of plenty spread,
To thee that plenty owes ;
The laughing fields with joy declare,
And whisper all in reason's ear,
From whence that plenty flows.

VI.

62 ODE TO SUMMER.

VI.

Happy the man, whose vessel glides,
Safe and unhurt by Passion's tides,
Nor courts the gusts of praise!
He sails with even, steady pace,
While Virtue's full-blown beauties grace
The Summer of his days.



AN
AUTUMNAL ODE.

TO MR. HAYMAN.

October 1754.

I.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O let me warbling court thy stay
To gild the fading scene!
Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
Bright Summer to perfection bring,
The cold inclemency of Winter cheer,
And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of
the year.

II.

II.

Ere yet the ruffet foliage fall
 I'll climb the mountain's brow
 My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
 To view the scene below :
 How sweetly pleasing to behold
 Forests of vegetable gold !
 How mix'd the many chequer'd shades between
 The tawny, mellowing hue, and the gay vivid
 green !

III.

How splendid all the sky ! how still !
 How mild the dying gale !
 How soft the whispers of the rill,
 That winds along the vale !
 So tranquil Nature's works appear,
 It seems the Sabbath of the year :
 As if, the Summer's labour past, she chose
 This Season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

IV.

IV.

Such is of well-spent life the time,
 When busy days are past;
 Man, verging gradual from his prime,
 Meets sacred peace at last:
 His flowery spring of pleasures o'er,
 And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
 He gains pacific Autumn, mild and bland,
 And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's pal-
 sy'd hand.

V.

For yet a while, a little while,
 Involv'd in wintry gloom,
 And lo! another Spring shall smile,
 A Spring eternal bloom:
 Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
 In the bright mansions of the blest,
 Where due rewards on Virtue are bestow'd,
 And reap the golden fruits of what his Autumn
 sow'd.

ODE ON WINTER.

By a Gentleman of CAMBRIDGE.

I.

FROM mountains of eternal snow,
And Zembla's dreary plains;
Where the bleak winds for ever blow,
And frost for ever reigns,

II.

Lo! Winter comes, in fogs array'd,
With ice, and spangled dews;
To dews, and fogs, and storms be paid
The tribute of the Muse.

III.

Each flowery carpet Nature spread
Is vanish'd from the eye;
Where'er unhappy lovers tread,
No Philomel is nigh.

IV.

IV.

(For well I ween her plaintive note
 Can soothing ease impart ;
 The little warblings of her throat
 Relieve the wounded heart,)

V.

No blushing rose unfolds its bloom,
 No tender lillies blow,
 To scent the air with rich perfume,
 Or grace Lucinda's brow.

VI.

Th' indulgent father who protects
 The wretched and the poor ;
 With the same gracious care directs
 The sparrow to our door.

VII.

Dark, scowling tempests rend the skies,
 And clouds obscure the day;
 His genial warmth the sun denies,
 And sheds a fainter ray.

VIII.

Yet blame we not the troubled air,
 Or seek defects to find;
 For Power Omnipotent is there,
 And walks upon the wind.

IX.

Hail every pair whom love unites
 In wedlock's pleasing ties;
 That endless source of pure delights,
 That blessing to the wife!

XI.

ODE ON WINTER. 69

X.

Though yon pale orb no warmth bestows,

And storms united meet ;

The flame of Love and Friendship glows

With unextinguish'd heat.



F 3

A N

AN ODE.

TO HIS GRACE

The LORD ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

THANKS to the generous hand that
plac'd me here,

Fast by the fountains of the silver Cray,
Who leading to the Thames his tribute clear,
Through the still valley winds his secret way.

II.

Yet from his lovely bed with transport sees
In fair exposure noblest villas rise,
Hamlets embosom'd deep in antient trees,
And spires that point with reverence to the skies.

III.

O lovely dale ! luxuriant with delight !
O woodland hills ! that gently rising swell ;
O streams ! whose murmurs soft repose invite ;
Where peace and joy and rich abundance dwell.

IV.

How shall my slender reed your praise resound
 In numbers worthy of the polish'd ear?
 What powers of strong expression can be found
 To thank the generous hand that plac'd me
 here:

V.

That gave each requisite of blissful life;
 Sweet leisure in sequester'd shades of Kent,
 The softening virtues of a faithful wife,
 And competence well sort'd with content.

VI.

For these, if I forget my patron's praise,
 While bright ideas dance upon my mind,
 Ne'er may these eyes behold auspicious days,
 May friends prove faithless, and the Muse
 unkind.

May 1756.

A U R E L I U S :

A N

E L E G Y.

Sacred to the MEMORY of

T H O M A S H E R R I N G, D D.

Late Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Quicquid ex illo amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, manet
mansurumq; est in animis hominum, in æternitate tempo-
rum, famâ rerum. TACIT. Vit. Agric.

I.

FAST by the fountains of the silver * Cray,
Encircled deep with weeping willows
round,

O! let me forrowing pass the pensive day,
And wake my reed to many a plaintive sound.

* A river in Kent.

II.

II.

For good Aurelius (now alas ! no more,)
Sighs follow sighs, and tears to tears succeed ;
Him shall the Muse in tenderest notes deplore,
For oft he tun'd to melody my reed.

III.

How was I late by his indulgence blest,
Cheer'd with his smiles, and by his precepts
taught !
My fancy deem'd him some angelic guest,
Some heaven-sent guide, with blissful tidings
fraught.

IV.

Mild was his aspect, full of truth and grace,
Temper'd with dignity and lively sense ;
Sweetness and candour beam'd upon his face,
Emblems of love and large benevolence.

V.

V.

Yet never useless slept those virtues fair,
Nor languish'd unexerted in the mind;
Secret as thought, yet unconfin'd as air,
He dealt his bounties out to all mankind.

VI.

How will the poor, alas! now truly poor,
Bewail their generous benefactor dead?
Who daily, from his hospitable door,
The naked cloath'd, and gave the hungry bread.

VII.

To sick and orphans duly sent relief,
Was feet and eyes to cripples and the blind,
Sooth'd all the suffering family of grief,
And pour'd sweet balsam on the wounded
mind.

VIII.

VIII.

How will the nation their lost guardian mourn?

Lo! pale-ey'd SCIENCE fix'd in grief appears;
The drooping Arts, reclining on his urn,
Lament, and every Muse dissolves in tears.

IX.

Genius of Britain! search the kingdom round,
Ere yet the strict enquiry be too late;
* What bold, unblemish'd patriot can be found,
To rouse the virtues of a languid state?

X.

With freedom's voice to wake the slumbering
age,
To cheer fair merit, prowess to advance,
Dauntless to rise, and scourge with generous rage
The high-plum'd pride and perfidy of France.

* This poem was wrote in May 1757.

XI.

XI.

Alas ! no longer burns the glorious flame ;
The patriot passion animates no more ;
But, like the whirling eddy, some low aim
Absorbs alike the great, the rich, the poor.

XII.

Not so, when wise Aurelius o'er the North
Shed the mild influence of his pastoral care,
The madness of rebellion issuing forth,
He stemm'd the torrent of the rising war.

XIII.

Behold him ! with his country's weal inspir'd,
Before the martial sons of Ebor stand,
Fair in the robe of eloquence attir'd,
In act to speak, he waves the graceful hand.

XIV.

XIV.

Silent as evening, lo! the listening throng,
While from his lips the glowing periods fall,
Drink sweet persuasion, streaming from his
tongue,
And the firm chain of concord binds them all.

XV.

As some large river, gentle, strong, and deep,
Winds his smooth volumes o'er the wide cam-
paign,
Then forceful flows, and with resistless sweep,
Rolls, in his strength collected, to the main :

XVI.

Thus the good prelate, in his country's cause,
Pour'd the full tide of eloquence along ;
As erst Tyrtæus gain'd divine applause,
Who fir'd the Spartans with heroic song.

XVII.

XVII.

But when religious truths his bosom warm'd,
 Faith, hope, repentance, and eternal love,
 With such pathetic energy he charm'd,
 He rais'd our souls to Paradise above.

XVIII.

The holy city's adamant gate
 On golden hinge he open'd to our view ;
 Unravell'd every path, perplex'd and strait,
 And gave to willing minds the safe-conducting
 clew.

XIX.

For God's Messiah was his chosen guide ;
 And well the sacred lore he understood,
 And well the precept, sent from heaven, apply'd,
 ' For evil meekly recompensing good.'

XX.

XX.

Thus mild, thus humble, in the highest state,
The "one thing needful" was his sole regard;
Belov'd, and blameless, he prolong'd his date
By acts of goodness, which themselves reward.

XXI.

To him the bed of sickness gave no pain;
For, trusting only in th' Almighty King,
He look'd on dissolution as his gain;
No terrors had the Grave, and Death no sting.

XXII.

Ah! Muse, forbear that last sad scene to draw—
This homage, due to virtue, let me pay,
These heart-sprung tears, inspir'd by filial awe,
These numbers warbled to the silver Cray.

May, 1757.

ON

ON THE DEATH

Of his most SACRED MAJESTY

KING GEORGE the SECOND.

AH fatal hour!—we must at last resign—
Farewel, great hero of the Brunswic line!
For valour much, for virtue more renown'd,
With wisdom honour'd, and with glory crown'd.
'Twas thy bless'd lot a happy reign to close,
And die serene, triumphant o'er thy foes;
To see the faithless, vain insulting Gaul,
Like proud Goliath, nodding in his fall;
In chains the sons of tyranny to bind,
And vindicate the rights of human kind.

Nobrighter crown than Britain's God could give
To grace the monarch, till he ceas'd to live;
Then gave him, to reward his virtuous strife,
A heavenly kingdom, and a crown of life.

October 26, 1760.

TO

TO

His most SACRED MAJESTY,

On his ACCESSION.

Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto. VIRG.

WHEN now the sad solemnity is o'er,
And death-denouncing bells are heard
no more,

Nor pausing cannon in loud notes declare
A nation's grief, and rend the troubled air ;
Deign, mighty prince, these gentler sounds to hear :
Oh ! were they worthy of the sovereign's ear,
The muse should greet Britannia's blissful isle
Where crown'd with liberty the Graces smile ;
Where the pleas'd halcyon builds her tranquil nest,
No storms disturb her, and no wars molest :
For still fair peace, and plenty here remain'd
While GEORGE, the venerable monarch, reign'd.
One generation pass'd secure away,
' Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway,'

G

Now

82 ON THE ACCESSION, &c.

Now cold in death the much lov'd hero lies,
His soul unbodied seeks her native skies :

The living laurels which his temples crown'd
Strike root, and shade his funeral pile around.

As when the Sun, bright ruler of the year,
Through glowing Cancer rolls his golden sphere,
He gains new vigour as his orb declines,
And at the goal with double lustre shines :

In splendor thus great GEORGE's reign surpass,
Bright beam'd each year, but brightest far the last:
Where-ever waves could roll, or breezes blow,
His fleet pour'd ruin on the faithless foe :
France saw, appall'd, the dreadful vengeance hurl'd,
And own'd him monarch of her Western world.
But now, alas ! see pale Britannia mourn,
And all her sons lamenting o'er his urn.

Thus when Vespasian died, imperial Rome
With copious tears bedew'd the patriot's tomb ;
But soon o'er sorrow bright-ey'd joy prevail'd,
When Titus her lov'd emperor she hail'd ;

Titus

Titus, a blessing to the world design'd,
The darling and delight of human-kind.

With joy, great prince, your happy subjects view
A better Titus now reviv'd in you ;
Of gentler nature, and of nobler blood,
Whose only study is your people's good :
For you, (so truly is your heart benign)
To heathen virtues christian graces join.

O may heaven's providence around you wait,
And bless you with a longer, happier date ;
Then will your virtue all its power display,
And noble deeds distinguish every day ;
Joys unallay'd will sweetly fill your breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest ;
Then will the rage of rancorous discord cease,
The drooping Arts revive, and all the world have
peace.

November 15, 1760.

A PARODY on a PASSAGE

I N

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Book IV.

Beneath a beech's bowery shade
Damon in musing mood was laid,
A brook soft-dimpling by his side,
Thus echo, as he sung, reply'd.

‘ Sweet is the breath of rosy morn,

‘ Soft melody the sky-lark trills,

‘ Bright are the dew-drops on the thorn,

‘ Fresh are the zephyrs on the hills,

‘ Pure are the fountains in the vale below,

‘ And fair the flowers that on their borders blow :

‘ Yet neither breath of roseate morn,

‘ Nor wild notes which the sky-lark trills,

‘ Nor dew-drops glittering on the thorn,

‘ Nor the fresh zephyrs of the hills,

‘ Nor

- ‘ Nor streams that musically-murmuring flow,
‘ Nor flowers that on their mossy margins grow,
‘ Can any joy suggest
‘ But to the temper’d breast,
‘ Where virtue’s animating ray
‘ Illumines every golden day,
‘ Beams on the mind, and makes all nature gay.’



THE
L O R D's P R A Y E R,

FAther of all, whose throne illumines heaven,
All honour to thy holy name be given.

Thy gracious kingdom come : Thy righteous will
Let men on earth as saints in heaven fulfil.

Give us this day the bread by which we live :
As we our debtors, thou our debts forgive.

Let not temptation lead us into woe :
Keep us from sin, and our infernal foe.

For thy supreme dominion we adore ;
Thy power, thy glory, is for evermore.

Amen,

DA-

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

OVER

SAUL AND JONATHAN.

SAMUEL, Book II. Chapter I.

THE flow'r of Israel withers on the plain ;
How are the mighty on the mountains
flain !

In Gath, ah ! never this dishonour name,
Nor in the streets of Askelon proclaim ;
Lest the sad tidings of our country's woe
Cause triumph to the daughters of the foe.
May Heav'n, Gilboa, on thy heights ne'er pour
The dew refreshing, or the fruitful shower ;
Ne'er may thy furrows give the golden seed,
Nor from thy folds the fleecy victims bleed :
There mighty men through fear their shields
resign'd,
The shield of Saul was basely left behind.

88 DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

Thy bow, O Jonathan, oft strew'd the plain
 With carcases of valiant heroes slain ;
 Thy sword, O Saul, ne'er left its sheath in vain. }

Blest pair ! whom love with sweetest concord
 tied,

Whom glory join'd, and death cou'd not divide.
 Dreadful thro' all the war they mov'd along,
 Swift as the eagle, as the lion strong.

Weep, weep for Saul, ye maids whose bounty
 drest

Israel's fair daughters in the scarlet vest ;
 Who gave you gold and pearls your robes to deck,
 And rings and jewels for your hands and neck.

Thy prowess, much lov'd Jonathan, prov'd vain ;
 How are the mighty on the mountains slain !

To me, O Jonathan, for ever dear,

Thy fate, alas ! demands th' eternal tear :

Where can such faith, such piety be found ?

Such pleasing converse with firm friendship
 bound ?

Thy

DAVID'S LAMENTATION. 89

Thy love was wondrous, soothing all my care,
Passing the fond affection of the fair.

How are the mighty on the mountains slain !

And all the instruments of battle vain !



F 4

THE

The PICTURE of OLD AGE:

Paraphrased from the

Seven first Verses of the 12th Chapter of ECCLESIASTES.

MY son, attentive hear the voice of truth ;
Remember thy Creator in thy youth,
Ere days of pale adversity appear,
And age and sorrow fill the gloomy year,
When wearied with vexation thou shalt say,
' No rest by night I know, no joy by day ;'
Ere the bright soul's enlighten'd pow'rs wax frail,
Ere reason, memory, and fancy fail,
But care succeeds to care, and pain to pain,
As clouds urge clouds, returning after rain :
Ere yet the arms unnerv'd and feeble grow,
The weak legs tremble, and the loose knees bow ;
Ere yet the grinding of the teeth is o'er,
And the dim eyes behold the sun no more ;
Ere yet the pallid lips forget to speak,
The gums are toothless, and the voice is weak ;
Rest-

PICTURE OF OLD-AGE. 91

Restless he rises when the lark he hears
Yet sweetest music fails to charm his ears.
A stone, or hillock turns his giddy brain,
Appall'd with fear he totters o'er the plain ;
And as the almond-tree white flow'rs displays,
His head grows hoary with the length of days ;
As leanness in the grasshopper prevails,
So shrinks his body, and his stomach fails ;
Doom'd to the grave his last long home to go,
The mourners march along with solemn woe :
Ere yet life's silver cord be snapt in twain,
Ere broke the golden bowl that holds the brain,
Ere broke the pitcher at the fountful heart,
Or life's wheel shiver'd, and the soul depart.
Then shall the dust to native earth be given,
The soul shall soar sublime, and wing its way to
heaven.

A GOOD WIFE.

From PROVERBS, Chapter xxxi.

MORE precious far than rubies, who can
find

A wife embellish'd with a virtuous mind?
In her securely, as his better part,
Her happy husband chearful rests his heart :
With such a lovely partner of his toil
His goods increase without the need of spoil.
Bless'd in the friendship of his faithful wife,
He steers thro' all vicissitudes of life.
Well pleas'd she labours, nor disdains to cull
The textile flax, or weave the twisted wool.
Rich as the merchants ships that crowd the strands,
She reaps the harvest of remotest lands.
Early she rises ere bright Phœbus shines,
And to her damsels separate tasks assigns :
Refresh'd with food her hinds renew their toil,
And chearful haste to cultivate the soil.

If

If to her farm some field contiguous lies,
With care she views it, and with prudence buys;
And with the gains which heaven to wisdom grants,
A vineyard of delicious grapes she plants.
Inur'd to toils she strength and sweetness joins,
Strength is the graceful girdle of her loins.
With joy her goodly merchandize she views,
And oft till morn her pleasing work pursues.
The spindle twirls obedient to her tread,
Round rolls the wheel, and spins the ductile thread.
Benignant from her ever-open door
She feeds the hungry, and relieves the poor.
Nor frost nor snow her family molests,
For all her household are in scarlet drest.
Resplendent robes are by her husband worn,
Her limbs fine purple and rich silks adorn.
For wisdom fam'd, for probity renown'd,
He sits in council with bright honour crown'd.
To weave rich girdles is her softer care,
Which merchants buy, and mighty monarchs wear;
With

With strength and honour she herself arrays,
 And joy will bless her in the latter days.
 Wise are her words, her sense divinely strong,
 For kindness is the tenour of her tongue.
 Fair rule and order in her mansion dwell,
 She eats with temperance what she earns so well.
 Rich in good works her children call her blest,
 And thus her husband speaks his inmost breast:
 ' To Eve's fair daughters various virtues fall,
 ' But thou, lov'd charmer, hast excell'd them all.
 Smiles oft are fraudulent, beauty soon decays,
 But the good woman shall inherit praise.
 To her, O grateful, sweet requital give!
 Her name, her honour shall for ever live.

X5067X
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NATHAN'S PARABLE.

II. SAMUEL, Chap. xii.

TO Israel's king thus spoke the holy seer :
‘ O mighty monarch, fam'd for wisdom,
hear
‘ While to my lord a tale of woe I tell :
‘ Two men, O king, in one fair city dwell ;
‘ The one is friendless, and exceeding poor,
‘ The other rich, and boastful of his store :
‘ Large herds of oxen in his pastures feed,
‘ And flocks unnumber'd whiten every mead.
‘ The poor man's stock was only one ewe-lamb
‘ Of snowy fleece, wean'd lately from its dam ;
‘ He bought it with what treasure he could spare,
‘ Ev'n all his wealth, and 'twas his only care ;
‘ Nurs'd by his hand, and with his children bred,
‘ With them it wanton'd, and with them it fed ;
‘ Of his own mews it eat without controul,
‘ And drank the beverage of his milky bowl ;
‘ Then

96 NATHAN'S PARABLE.

' Then lightly-sportful skipt, and tir'd with play,
 ' Dear as a daughter in his bosom lay.
 ' A traveller of no ignoble fame,
 ' By chance conducted, to the rich man came ;
 ' Yet from his herds he could not spare an ox
 ' To treat him, nor a weather from his flocks,
 ' But took by cruel force, and kill'd and drest
 ' The poor man's lamb to feed his pamper'd guest.'

The monarch paus'd——then made this stern
 reply

Incens'd: " I swear by God that rules the sky,
 " The man that did this thing shall surely die :
 " The lamb fourfold he likewise shall restore,
 " To recompence the friendless and the poor :
 " Because his heart no soft compassion felt,
 " At others woe unknowing how to melt."
 ' Thou art the man, reply'd the holy seer,
 ' Thus faith the Lord, the God of Israel, hear ;
 ' A king thou art, anointed at my call,
 ' O'er Israel, and I rescued thee from Saul ;

' And

NATHAN'S PARABLE. 97

' And gave thee all thy master's servants lives,
 ' His large possessions, and his numerous wives :
 ' Was that too little? Could'st thou more require?
 ' I would have given thee all thy heart's desire.
 ' Then wherefore didst thou God's command-
 ment flight,
 ' Committing this great evil in his sight?
 ' Lo! thou hast robb'd Uriah of his wife,
 ' Defil'd his bed, and then destroy'd his life,
 ' Hast slain him with the adversary's sword :
 ' Now therefore hear the judgment of the Lord,
 ' And lock this awful sentence in thy heart ;
 " The sword shall never from thy house depart,
 " For thou hast robb'd Uriah of his wife,
 " Defil'd his bed, and then destroy'd his life."
 ' Thus saith the Lord, nor thou his words despise, }
 ' The power of evil in thy house shall rise, }
 ' Lo! I will take thy wives before thine eyes; }
 ' Thy concubines shall be in triumph led,
 ' The sun shall see them in thy neighbour's bed :

H

Thou

98 NATHAN'S PARABLE.

‘Thou didst it secret—this thing shall be done
‘Before all Israel, and before the sun.’

Aghast, convict the mighty monarch stood,
And from his eyes stream’d sorrow in a flood;
And while a sigh repentant heav’d his breast,
He thus the anguish of his soul exprest :

‘Thy words are sharper than the two-edg’d sword,
‘For I, alas! have sinn’d against the Lord.’

Stung with remorse he mourn’d his past offence
With bitter tears, and heart-sprung penitence :
The seer then sooth’d him with this calm reply ;
‘Thy sin is pardon’d, and thou shall not die.’

Thus may we clearly see each secret sin,
Warn’d by the faithful monitor within :
Thus may we, blest with bounteous grace from
heaven,
Like Judah’s king repent, and be forgiven.

THE

THE
SONG of DEBORAH.

LEND, O ye princes, to my song an ear,
Ye mighty rulers of the nations, hear,
While to the Lord the notes of praise I sing,
To Israel's God, the everlasting king.

When from aerial Seir, in dread array,
From Edom when th' Almighty took his way,
'On Cherub, and on Cherubim he rode,'
The trembling earth proclaim'd th' approach
God :

The heavens dissolv'd, the clouds in copious rains
Pour'd their black stores, and delug'd all the plains:
The rent rocks shiver'd on that awful day,
And mountains melted like soft wax away.

In Shamgar's days, in Jael's hapless reign,
How were the princes, and the people slain?
When Sisera, terrific with his hosts,
Pour'd dire destruction on pale Judah's coasts ;

100 DEBORAH'S SONG.

The cities no inhabitants contain'd ;
 The public ways unoccupied remain'd ;
 The travellers thro' dreary deserts stray'd,
 Or pensive wander'd in the lonely glade,
 Till, sent by heaven, I Deborah arose
 To rule and rescue Israel from their foes.

Those patriot warriors of immortal fame,
 Who sav'd their country all my favour claim ;
 Ye judges speak, ye shepherd-swains rehearse
 Jehovah's praise in never-dying verse.
 Awake, awake ; raise, Deborah, thy voice,
 And in loud numbers bid the lyre rejoice :
 Raise to the Lord of heaven thy grateful song,
 Who gave the weak dominion o'er the strong.

The tribes of Israel sent their mighty men,
 That wield the falchion, or that guide the pen.
 Gilead, Oh shame ! by fountful Jordan lay,
 Dan in his ships, and Asher in his bay :
 Their bleating flocks (ignoble care !) withheld
 The tribes of Reuben from the tented field :

But

DEBORAH'S SONG. 101

But chiefs intrepid to the conflict came,
 Heroes that fought for empire and for fame :
 In Taanach where Megiddo's streams are roll'd,
 There fought the monarchs resolutely bold.
 Heav'n's thunders to our foes destruction wrought,
 The stars 'gainst Sisera conspiring fought.
 The river Kishon swept away the slain,
 Kishon, that antient river, to the main.
 For ever blest'd be Jael's honour'd name !
 For ever written in the rolls of fame !
 He ask'd refreshment from the limpid wave,
 The milky beverage to the chief she gave :
 He drank, he slept extended on the floor,
 She smote the warrior, and he wak'd no more :
 Low at her feet he bow'd his nail-pierc'd head ;
 Low at her feet he bow'd, he fell, he lay down dead.

The hero's mother, anxious for his stay,
 Thus, fondly sighing, chid his long delay :
 ' What hopes, what fears my tortur'd bosom feels ?
 ' Alas ! why linger thus his chariot-wheels ?

- ‘ Some captive maid, distinguish’d for her charms,
- ‘ Perchance detains the conqueror in her arms :
- ‘ Perchance his mules, rich laden from afar,
- ‘ Move slowly with the plunder of the war.’

Ah, wretched mother! all thy hopes are vain,
Thy son, alas! lies breathless on the plain,
Vanquish’d by Israel’s sons, and by a woman slain.



E P I T A P H S.

Oh let your once-lov'd friend inscribe the stone,
And, with domestic sorrows, mix his own!

POPE.

I.

On a very good WOMAN.

COULD marble know what virtue's buried here,

This monument would scarce refuse a tear,
But mourn so early snatch'd from mortal life,
The tenderest parent, and the dearest wife,
Bless'd with sweet temper, and of soul so even,
She seem'd a copy of the saints in heaven.

II.

On a Young GENTLEMAN,

Who died A. D. 1743, Ætat. 15.

In a Church in CHESHIRE.

WHEN age, all-patient, and without
regret,

Lies down in peace, and pays the general debt,

'Tis weakness most unmanly to deplore

The death of those who relish life no more.

But when fair youth, that every promise gave,

Sheds his sweet blossom in the blasting grave,

All eyes o'erflow with many a streaming tear,

And each sad bosom heaves the sigh sincere.

III.

ON A WORTHY FRIEND,

Who was accomplished

In the Sister Arts of MUSIC and PAINTING.

OH born in liberal studies to excel,
Thou friendly, candid, virtuous mind,
farewel !

To speak thy praise all eloquence is faint,
Except the style's expressive as thy paint :
Unless th' enliven'd numbers sweetly flow,
As when thy music gave the soul to glow :
Unless the Muses polish every line,
And draw the good man with a warmth divine,
Serenely pious, with the gentlest mind,
Through life contented, and in death resign'd.

On

IV.

On the Rev. Mr. C O O K S O N,

VICAR OF LEEDS.

WRAPT in cold clay beneath this
marble lies

What once was generous, eloquent, and wise;

A genius form'd in every light to shine,

A well-bred scholar, and a sage divine;

An orator in every art refin'd,

To teach, to animate and mend mankind:

The wise and good approv'd the life he led,

And, as they lov'd him living, mourn him dead.

1747.

On

V.

On Mrs. FOUNTAYNE,

Daughter of THOMAS WHICHCOT, Esq;

AND

Wife to the Dean of YORK,

Who died in Child-Bed, July 1750. Ætat. 19.

IF e'er thy bosom swell'd with grief sincere,
View this sad shrine, and pour the pitying
tear :

Here FOUNTAYNE lies, in whom all charms
combin'd,

All that e'er grac'd, or dignified her kind.

Farewel bright pattern of unblemish'd youth,
Of mildest merit, modesty, and truth !
Death snatch'd thy sweetness in the genial hour,
Just when thy stem put forth its infant flower :
Still blooms the tender flower ; as oft we see
Fair branches budding from the lifeless tree.

On

VI.

On a young GENTLEMAN, who died
for Love.

IF modest merit ever claim'd thy tear,
Behold this monument, and shed it here:
Here every blooming virtue beam'd in one,
The friend, the lover, and the duteous son.
Bless'd youth! whose bosom Nature form'd
to glow

With purest flame the heart of man can know,
Go, where bright angels heavenly raptures prove,
And melt in visions of seraphic love.

1751.

On

VII.

On J A M E S F O X, Esq;

1754.

PEACE to the noblest, most ingenuous
mind,

In wisdom's philosophic school refin'd,
The friend of man; to pride alone a foe;
Whose heart humane would melt at others woe:
Oft has he made the breast of anguish gay,
And sigh'd, like TITUS, when he lost a day.
All vice he lash'd, or in the rich or great,
But prais'd mild merit in the meanest state.
Calm and serene in virtue's paths he trod,
Lov'd mercy, and walk'd humbly with his God.

To

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A

Present of BOOKS, PARTRIDGES, and SNUFF.

I'VE sent you, dear Nanny, a basket of stuff,
Some books, and some birds, with a paper
of snuff:

The present is trifling, yet still you will find
Some food for the body as well as the mind.

To tell you their uses there is not much need---

The birds you will roast, and the books you may
read,

And as for the paper of snuff, I suppose,

You are very well satisfied, that's for your nose.

My respects to all friends, as a favour I ask it,

And I hope you'll remember to send back the
basket.

September, 1744.

A N

A N E L E G Y
ON THE
DEATH OF DOBBIN,

THE BUTTERWOMAN'S HORSE.

THE death of faithful Dobbin I deplore ;

Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.

The cruel Fates have snapt his vital thread,

And gammer Jolt bewails old Dobbin dead.

From stony Cudham down to watery Cray,

This honest horse brought butter every day,

Fresh butter meet to mix with nicest rolls,

And sometimes eggs, and sometimes geese and
fowls,

And tho' this horse to stand had ne'er a leg,

He never dropt a goose, or broke an egg.

Ye maids of Cray your butter'd rolls deplore,

Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.

Oft

Oft did the squire, that keeps the great hall-
house,

Invite the willing Vicar to a goose;

For goose could make his kindred Muse aspire

From earth to air, from water to the fire;

But now, alas! his towering spirit's fled,

His Muse is founder'd, for poor Dobbin's dead.

Last Friday was a luckless day, I wot,

For Friday last lean Dobbin went to pot;

No drinks could cherish, no prescriptions save;

In C——n's hounds he found a living grave:

Weep all, and all (except sad dogs) deplore

Dame's Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin is no
more.

Sulk, reynard, sulk in the securest grounds,

Now Dobbin hunts thee in the shape of hounds:

Late sure but slow he march'd as foot could fall,

Sure to march slow whene'er he march'd at all;

Now fleetier than the pinions of the wind,

He leaves the huntsman, and the hunt behind,

Pur-

Pursues thee o'er the hills, and down the steep,
Thro' the rough copse, wide woods, and waters
deep,

Along th' unbounded plain, along the lea,
But has no pullet, and no goose for thee.

Ye dogs, ye foxes, howl for Dobbin dead,
Nor thou, O Muse, disdain the tear to shed;
Ye maids of Cray your butter'd rolls deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin is no more.



EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE

MARRIAGE of a COBLER

AND

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

YE sable sweepers, and ye coblers all,
Sons of the chimney, masters of the stall,
Whether ye deal in smearing foot, or leather,
Hail to the day that joins your trades together.

*Huzza, my jolly coblers! and buzzza,
My sable sweepers! Hail the joyous day.*

Immortal fame, O coblers, ye derive
From Crispin, a good cobbler when alive,
Who kept his stall at Hockley in the Hole,
With nut-brown beer encouraging his soul:
A bonnet blue he wore upon his head,
His nose was copper, and his jerkin red ;

For

For conjurer and astrologer he past,
And mended understandings to his last.

*Huzza, my jolly coblers, and buzza,
My sable sweepers! Hail the joyous day.*

Sly Jobson, tho' he never learn'd in France,
Not only mended shoes, but taught to dance;
So when he'd worn his pupils soles quite out,
With leading of the booby bears about,
He soon repair'd the damage with his awl,
And brought convenient custom to his stall.

*Huzza, my jolly coblers, and buzza,
My sable sweepers! Hail the joyous day.*

Nor less distinguish'd is your noble line,
Ye sweepers, sprung from pedigree divine!
Your ancient ancestor, whose name was Smut,
Work'd at the forge, with Vulcan, in his hut.
Once as the limping god was hammering out
Those tongs that pinch'd the Devil by the snout,

Smut chanc'd to jest upon his awkward frame,
Which chaf'd the bickering blacksmith into flame;
He hurl'd his hammer at the joker's head,
Which sure had left him on the pavement dead,
But Smut was nimble, and, to shun the stroke,
Sheer up the chimney went, like wreaths of smoke;
Happy to find so snug a hole to creep in,
And since that time he took to chimney-sweeping.

Huzza, my jolly sweepers ! hail the day !

My jolly coblers ! roar aloud buzza.

And you, meet couple, memorable match,
May live with comfort in your cot of thatch ;
While venal m—b—s sell their venal friends,
The cobbler brings all soles to serve his ends.
And as the fair miss Danae fate smiling,
To see the gold come pattering thro' the tiling,
Our sweeper joys to see the chimney drop her
Meat, drink, and cloathing in a shower of copper.

Huzza, my jolly coblers, and buzza,

My sable sweepers, hail the joyous day.

THE SMOKING

Doctor's SOLILOQUY over his Pipe.

Dulce tubo genitos haurire & reddere fumos.

E Merging awful thro' a cloud of smoke,
The tall lean doctor snapt his box and spoke.
'Tho' scorn'd by fribbles all bedawb'd with snuff,
I value not their censures of a puff,
Who, if kind heav'n had furnish'd 'em with brains,
Would into pipes convert their taper canes,
Be sick that nauseous nostril-dust to see,
And substitute tobacco for rappee.
I less regard the rage of female railings—
Some ladies have their waters, and their failings :
'Tho' when gray prudence comes, and youth is past,
They'll learn to smoke (or I am deceiv'd) at last !
Peace to the beaux, and every scented belle,
Who cries, ' Tobacco has an odious smell :'
To men of sense I speak, and own with pleasure,
That smoking sooths my studies and my leisure ;

It aids my eyes, inspires my mind to think,
And is a calm companion when I drink :
At home how sweetly does a pipe engage
My sense to relish Tully's moral page !
Or Homer's heav'n-aspiring muse divine,
And puffing measure each sonorous line !
But if to Tom's I stray to read the Daily,
Or at the tavern spend my evening gaily,
My pipe still adds, as the mild minutes pass,
Charms to the toast, and flavour to the glass.
Blest Indian leaf ! what raptures I inhale
From each light breath of thy ambrosial gale !
Thou giv'st the soldier courage, to the hind
Repose, to captives sacred peace of mind ;
Can'st wealth on merchants, state on kings bestow,
And to physicians only art a foe.
Thou sav'st, when pestilence spreads far and wide,
From that dread plague, and every plague beside.
Tho' by thy fumes the teeth are blacken'd o'er,
Thy ashes scour them whiter than before.

O with abundant riches amply blest!

He, who can buy one ounce of Freeman's best!

If in this fob my well-fill'd box I feel,

In that my short pipe, touchwood, flint, and steel,

Gold I regard not, I can live without ;

I carry every requisite about.

Whether my stomach calls for drink or meat,

Whether the cold affects me, or the heat,

The weed of India answers the demand,

And is the pleasing remedy at hand.

O noblest proof of nature's genial power !

O weed more precious than the choicest flower !

Thy vapours bland thro' every state engage,

* Charm us when young, and solace us in age ;

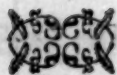
Adorn when fortune showers her golden store,

And breathe kind comfort when she smiles no

more ;

* In allusion to that fine passage in Tully. "*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*"

Tranquil at home they lull with sweet content,
Abroad they give us no impediment ;
But, mild associates, tend us night and day,
And if we travel cheer us on our way ;
In town or country soft repose incite,
And puff us up with exquisite delight,



BEAU

BEAU DAPPER'S SOLILOQUY

IN PRAISE OF SNUFF.

By MR. WOTY.

BEhold young Dapper in his elbow chair,
The gallant, smart Adonis of the fair!
His paper-box, replete with sweet rappee,
He holds, and pinches the contents with glee.
But, hark! he speaks in soft poetic strain,
Snuff the lov'd theme, for snuff inspires his brain.

‘ Let abject souls the clay-form’d tube assume,
And suck Virginia’s sleep-creating fume;
I scorn to smoke, or chew the nauseous quid;
Avert it fashion! decency forbid!
While they delight the fiery plant to puff,
Be mine to praise the qualities of snuff.
’Tis this alone that constitutes the beau,
And fills his nostrils with a purer glow,

Supplies his head-piece with ideas new,
And lends fresh spirit to the billet-doux.
By this each card more brilliant he indites,
Smiles when he reads, and giggles while he writes,
Hums o'er a minuet, or essays to sing,
And leers with greater pleasure on his ring.
O fragrant snuff! how does thy lively grain
Invigorate the lawyer's puzzled brain!
By thee more clearly he discerns the cause,
And solves each dry conundrum of the laws;
From the warm argument will scorn to flinch,
While thou canst kindly help him at a pinch.
O pleasing dust, how shall I speak thy praise!
Too flat my diction, and too weak my lays.
Thou tickling source of sentiment refin'd!
Great Panacæa to the drooping mind!
Companion and delight of all the fair,
From Bet the maid to Madam in her chair!
Be thou my Vade mecum, I can go
Where trips the jessamy, where struts the beau,
Hence

Hence can look grave at Batson's, dull at Peele's,
Gay at the Bedford, politic at Will's.

Thee, Hardham, thee let not the Muse pass by,
For oft thy jars have rivetted her eye.

O were her Numbers half as good as thine!

What strength! what warmth would animate
her line!

Then should thy fame resound from shore to shore,
Till tongues grew mute, and echo could no more.'

W O M A N:

A B A L L A D.

Being a CONTRAST to

The Women all tell me I'm false to my Lafs.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of Wine with the charms
of the Fair ;

I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-bellied Bacchus, and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine;
Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass
smile.

Her

Her beauties with rapture my fancy inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire ;
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore ;
These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no
more.

How happy our days when with love we engage,
'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;
But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl ?
Wine tickles the taste, Love enraptures the soul.

Let the men of all nations, but Italy, prove
The blessings that wait upon Beauty and Love :
But in boozing, alas ! one unfortunate bout
Will rob us of vigour, and leave us the gout.

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
' The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.'
From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good
friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your

Your big-bellied bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you'll look when your bottle is dry!
Sweet pleasure from Woman still flows like a
spring,

Nay the Stoics must own it--She is the best thing.

Yet some praises to Wine we may justly afford,
For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
But Woman for ever gives transport to man,
And I'll stand by the ladies as long as I can.



The BROWN JUG:

A S O N G.

Imitated from the Latin of HIERONYMUS AMALTHEUS.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now
foams with mild ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale)

Was once Toby Fillpott, a thirsty old soul

As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;

In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,

And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease

In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,

With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,

And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,

And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown
jug,

Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale.



A Pair of SPECTACLES.

From B O U R N E.

OF all the spectacles to mend the sight,
Devis'd by art for viewing objects right,
Those are most useful, which the prudent place
High on the handle of the human face.
Some on the temples fix 'em, I suppose,
Left they should seem to snaffle thro' the nose :
Some in one hand the single convex hold,
But these are prigs asham'd of being old.
None are in news or politics so wise,
As he whose nose is saddled with his eyes ;
And if the taper tube regale his snout,
There's nought so secret but he'll smell it out.
Should gammer Gurton leave these helps at home,
To church with Bible 'tis in vain to come ;
The plainest sermon is the most perplext,
Unless with care she double down the text.

K

Lo !

Lo! how the parish clerk, with many a hum,
By turns now fits 'em to his nose or thumb,
Methodically regular, as need
By turns requires him, or to sing, or read:
His thumb then held them, if report says true,
When on the lovely lass he leer'd askew;
With snow-white bosom bare, sweet-slumbering
in her * pew.

Those who see dimly may their eyes restore
By adding two to what they had before;
And he who would be deem'd profoundly wise,
Must carry in his head, and in his pocket—eyes.

* Alluding to a picture of Hogarth's, which very humourously describes a slumbering congregation.

THE STAGE-COACH.

From the SAME.

TO pay my duty to sweet Mrs. Page,
A place was taken in the Stamford stage.
Our coachman Dick, the shades of night to shun,
Had yok'd his horses long before the sun :
Disturb'd I start ; and drowsy all the while,
Rise to be jolted many a weary mile ;
On both sides squeez'd, how highly was I blest'd !
Between two plump old women to be press'd !
A corporal fierce, a nurse and child that cried,
And a fat landlord fill'd the other side.
Scarce dawns the morning, ere the cumbersome load
Rolls roughly-rumbling o'er the rugged road.
One old wife coughs, and wheezes in my ears,
Loud scolds the other, and the corporal swears ;
Sour, unconcocted breath escapes my host,
The squawling child returns his milk and toast :
Ye Gods ! if such the pleasures of the stage,
I chuse to walk and visit Mrs. Page.

Thank you for Nothing.

From the SAME.

WHEN cloudless skies, or Spring's soft
season fair

Calls forth the citizens to take the air ;
The landlord kindly asks his guests to dine
On well-corn'd beef, or pork's high-relish'd chine:
The season'd fraud succeeds, and soon or late
A shoal of gudgeons gobble up the bait.
The flavoury viands make them thirst the more,
Creating drought, and swelling out the score.
My landlord, faith ! is not so kind, I think ;
He gives his victuals, but he sells his drink.

A N E L O G Y

O N

Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

TRANSLATED

From the LATIN of DR. HALLEY.

BEhold the regions of the heav'ns survey'd!
And this fair system in the ballance weigh'd;
Behold the law which (when in ruin hurl'd
God out of Chaos call'd the beauteous world)
Th' almighty fix'd, when all things good he saw!
Behold the chaste, inviolable law!

Before us now new scenes unfolded lie,
And heav'n appears expanded to the eye;
Th' illumin'd mind now sees distinctly clear
What power impels each planetary sphere.
Thron'd in the centre glows the king of day,
And rules all nature with unbounded sway;

Thro' the vast void his subject planets run,
Whirl'd in their orbits by the regal sun.
What course the dire tremendous comets steer
We know, nor wonder at their prone career ;
Why silver Phœbe, meek-ey'd queen of night,
Now slackens, now precipitates her flight ;
Why, scan'd by no astronomers of yore,
She yielded not to calculation's power ;
Why the Node's motions retrograde we call,
And why the Apfides progreffional. ~
Hence too we learn, with what proportion'd force
The moon impels, erroneous in her course,
The refluent main : as waves on waves fucceed,
On the bleak beach they tofs the sea-green weed,
Now bare the dangers of th' engulphing fand,
Now fwelling high roll foaming on the strand.
What puzzling schoolmen fought so long in vain,
See cloud-dispelling Mathefis explain !
O highly blest, to whom kind fate has given
Minds to expatiate in the fields of heaven !

All

All doubts are clear'd, all errors done away,
And truth breaks on them in a blaze of day.
Awake, ye sons of men, arise ! exclude
Far from your breasts all low solicitude ;
Learn hence the mind's etherial powers to trace,
Exalted high above the brutal race.
Ev'n those fam'd chiefs who human life refin'd
By wholesome laws, the fathers of mankind ;
Or they who first societies immur'd
In cities, and from violence secur'd ;
They who with Ceres' gifts the nations blest,
Or from the grape delicious nectar prest ;
They who first taught the hieroglyphic stile
On smooth * papyrus, native plant of Nile,
(For literary elements renown'd)
And made the eye an arbiter of sound ;
All these, tho' men of deathless fame, we find
Have less advanc'd the good of human-kind :

* An Egyptian plant, growing in the marshy places near the banks of the Nile, on the leaves of which the antients used to write.

Their schemes were founded on a narrower plan,
Replete with few emoluments to man.

But now, admitted guests in heav'n, we rove
Free and familiar in the realms above;
The wonders hidden deep in earth below,
And nature's laws, before conceal'd, we know.
Lend, lend your aid, ye bright superior powers,
That live embosom'd in Elysian bowers,
Lend your sweet voice to warble Newton's praise,
Who search'd out truth thro' all her mystic maze,
Newton, by every favouring muse inspir'd,
With all Apollo's radiations fir'd;
Newton, that reach'd th' insuperable line,
The nice barrier 'twixt human and divine.



CLAU-

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN,

WHO

Never went out of the Suburbs of VERONA.

BLEST who, content with what the
country yields,

Lives in his own hereditary fields !

Who can with pleasure his past life behold !

Whose roof paternal saw him young and old :

And as he tells his long adventures o'er,

A stick supports him where he crawl'd before.

Who ne'er was tempted from his farm to fly,

And drink new streams beneath a foreign sky :

No merchant, he, solicitous of gain,

Dreads not the storms that lash the sounding main :

Nor soldier fears the summons to the war,

Nor the hoarse clamours of the noisy bar.

Unskill'd in business, to the world unknown,

He ne'er beheld the next contiguous town ;

138 CLAUDIAN's OLD MAN.

Yet nobler objects to his views are given,
Fair flowery fields, and star-embellish'd heaven.
He marks no change of consuls, but computes
Alternate seasons by alternate fruits;
Maturing autumns store of apples bring,
And flowerets are the luxury of spring.
His farm that catches first the sun's bright ray,
Sees the last lustre of his beams decay :
The passing hours erected columns show,
And are his landmarks and his dials too.
Yon spreading oak a little twig he knew,
And the whole grove in his remembrance grew.
Verona's walls remote as India seem;
Benacus is th' Arabian Gulph to him.
Yet health three ages lengthens out his span,
And grandsons hail the vigorous old man.
Let others vainly sail from shore to shore,
Their joys are fewer, and their labours more.

ARCHIMEDES'S SPHERE.

From CLAUDIAN.

JOVE saw the heav'ns in glassy sphere exprest,
And smiling, thus the pow'rs above addrest:
' At what bold tasks will man's presumption aim?
In this small globe he mocks the wordly frame.
Lo ! from my work the rival artist draws
The heavenly motions, and great Nature's laws.
Each star includes an animating soul,
And beauteous order regulates the whole.
Through the bright Zodiack yearly rolls the sun,
And mimic moons each month their courses run.
Audacious art thus lifts her crest on high,
And deems she sways the empire of the sky.
Salmoneus once fictitious lightening hurl'd;
But here, behold a counterfeited world !'

ON MENANDER.

Imitated from

A Greek Epigram in the ANTHOLOGIA.

ON thy sweet lips the bees in clusters hung,
And dropp'd Hyblæan honey on thy
tongue :

For thee the Muses pluck'd Pierian flowers ;

The Graces woo'd thee in sequester'd bowers :

Ages to come shall celebrate thy name,

And Athens gather glory from thy fame.



FRAGMENTS

OF

MENANDER.

Translated from the GREEK,

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, with Menander's fire.

POPE,

FRAGMENTS

MENANDER

Translated from the GREEK

The art of Terence, with Menander's life.
Then, whom the Nine with Pictus, wit inspire,
Poet.

ACCOUNT OF MENANDER
SOME ACCOUNT
OF

MENANDER.

MENANDER was born at Athens, the third year of the 109th Olympiad, 344 years before Christ, and exhibited his first comedy, according to Meurfius, the third of the 114th Olympiad, that is 324 years before our Saviour's time, being then only twenty years of age. His introduction of the new comedy in a short time spread his fame over the world; and his friendship was courted by the kings of Egypt and Macedon. Of his works, which amounted to upwards of an hundred comedies, only a few fragments now remain. Terence borrowed several plays from him; and it is from the character of the Roman, that most men now judge of the merit of the Grecian author. We find the old masters of rhetoric recommending his works as the true standard of beauty, containing every grace of public speaking. Quintilian declares, that a careful imitation of Menander only will satisfy all the rules he has laid down in his Institutions. It is in Menander that he would have his orator search for a

144 ACCOUNT OF MENANDER:

copiousness of invention, for a happy elegance of expression, and especially for an universal genius, able to accommodate itself naturally to all persons, things, and affections.

His wonderful talent at expressing nature, in every condition, and under every circumstance of life, has always made the noblest part of his character, which gave occasion to Aristophanes the grammarian to ask this genteel question; Ω Μενανδρε, καὶ Βίη, Ποτερός ἄρ' ὑμῶν πατέρα ἐπὶ μιμήσασατο. O Menander and nature, which of you have imitated the other? Julius Cæsar has left us the noblest, as well as the justest praise of Menander's works, when addressing himself in a compliment to Terence, he calls him, Dimidiate Menander, Half-Menander. He died in the third year of the 122nd Olympiad, 292 years before Christ, being fifty-two years of age.

FRAGMENTS

O F

M E N A N D E R.

*****!*****

WORSHIP due to the DEITY.

SERVE then the great first cause whence
Nature springs,

Th' almighty fire, th' eternal kings of kings ;

Who gave us being, and who gives us food,

Lord of all life, and author of all good. 48.

*****!*****

S U B M I S S I O N.

FIGHT not with God, nor thwart his
wiser will,

(Contending serves to aggravate an ill,)

But bravely bear those ills he's pleas'd to send ;

Why should we blame the laws we cannot mend ?

Page 70.

☞ The figures at the bottom of each Fragment refer to the page in Le-Clerc's edition, where the original is to be found.

L

THE

ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

WHoe'er approaches to the lord of all,
And with his offerings desolates the
stall ;

Who brings an hundred bulls with garlands drest,
The purple mantle, or the golden vest,
Or ivory figures richly wrought around,
Or curious images with emeralds crown'd ;
And hopes with these God's favour to obtain,
His thoughts are foolish, and his hopes are vain.
He, only he may trust his pray'rs will rise,
And heav'n accept his grateful sacrifice,
Who leads beneficent a virtuous life,
Who wrongs no virgin, who corrupts no wife ;
No robber he, no murderer of mankind,
No miser, servant to the fordid mind.
Dare to be just, my Pamphilus, disdain
The smallest trifle for the greatest gain :

For

For God is nigh thee, and his purer fight.
In acts of goodness only takes delight :
He feeds the labourer for his honest toil,
And heaps his substance as he turns the soil.
To him then humbly pay the rites divine,
And not in garments, but in goodness shine.
Guiltless of conscience thou may'st safely sleep,
Tho' thunder bellow thro' the boundless deep.

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THE

MISERIES of OLD-AGE*.

HIM, Parmeno, I deem the happiest man,
Who having once survey'd great Nature's
plan,

This beauteous system, this stupendous frame,
Soon to that place retires from whence he came.

This

* The late ingenious and learned I. Hawkins Browne, Esq; has translated and interwoven this fine fragment into his excellent poem *De Animi Immortalitate*, book the first.

Quocirca ille mihi felix vixisse videtur,
Qui postquam aspexit mundi solenne theatrum
Æquo animo, hunc solem, et terras, mare, nubila, et ignem;
Protinus unde abiit, fatur ut conviva remigrat.
Nempe hæc, seu centum vivendo conteris annos,
Seu paucos numeras, eadem redeuntia cernes;
Hisq; nihil melius, nihil atque recentius unquam:
Omne adeo in terris agitur quod tempus, habeto
Ut commune forum; peregre vel euntibus amplum

Hof-

This common sun, the stars, the streams that flow,
 The clouds that darken, and the fires that glow.
 These shall be always present to thy view,
 Whether thou liv'st an hundred years, or few;
 And nobler works, or wrought with better skill,
 None ever yet beheld, or ever will.

This

Hospitium, temerè fluitans ubi vita moratur,
 Mille inter nugas jactata, negotia mille.
 Qui prior abscedit, portum prior occupat; Eja!
 Collige vela citus, ne fortè viatica defint.
 Quid cessas? subeunt morbiq; et acerba tuorum
 Funera, et insidiis circum undique septa senectus.

Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to see Mr. Soame Jennyns's translation of the above passage quoted from Mr. Browne's *Immortality*.

To me most happy therefore he appears,
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
 Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
 Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.
 Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,
 'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:

This life on earth, these scenes to man assign'd,
Suppose a mighty concourse of mankind,
Where all contrive to trifle time away
In business, bustle, villainy, or play :
If first this inn you quit, a transient guest,
You'll pay but little, and you'll fare the best :
Go then equipt, nor fear the stroke of fate,
You'll travel free from envy and from hate.
But lingering guests who longer being crave,
Must sink at last with sorrow to the grave :

A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay,
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away ;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost :
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain ;
Hold then ! no farther launch into the main :
Contract your sails ; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe :
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends, who go before :
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

Doddsley's Collection, Vol. VI.

For

For antient men experience wants and woes
From friends departing or surviving foes.
He dies not well, who bending into age,
Droops under years, and tottering quits the stage.

Page 184.



L 4. VIRTUE

THE

VIRTUE only is NOBILITY.

C E A S E, if you love me, mother, cease to
trace

Our long extraction to an antient race ;
'Tis theirs alone who boast no inbred worth
To found their claim of honour on their birth,
And strive their want of virtue to supply
With glory borrow'd from old ancestry.
That all had ancestors the proof you give,
When you admit, that all have liv'd, or live :
If thousands find it difficult to trace
(Thro' lack of friends, or luckless change of place)
In whose pure veins their streams of kindred ran,
Are they less noble than the few that can ?
The poorest tenant of the Libyan wild,
Whose life is pure, whose thoughts are undefil'd,
In titled ranks may claim the first degree,
For Virtue only is Nobility.

The O M N I P O T E N C E of G O L D.

AN antient sage*, which some perhaps think
odd,

Afferts that every element's a God;

A God this earth, where vivid verdure grows,

A God, the fire that burns, the breeze that blows;

The silver streams that thro' the vallies stray,

The stars that shine by night, the sun by day.

But I this plain, this certain maxim hold,

' There's no propitious deity but gold :'

Safe in thy house this splendid God inshrine,

And all the blessings of the world are thine ;

The grand retinue, and the burnish'd plate,

The pompous villa, and the menial great ;

Gold can buy friends, or soften rigid laws,

And bias every witness to your cause :

Spare not expence—give largely, and 'tis odds

But mighty gold will bribe the very Gods.

* Epicharmus.

The MISERY and FOLLY of MAN.

LORD of creation, man--come, all things see
 Exceed in happiness and wisdom thee.
 Behold yon ass, to whom thy partial race
 Gives in the world of life the lowest place:
 Thou call'st him wretched, and I grant him so,
 But not from self his pitied sufferings flow;
 Beneath stern Nature's load the wretch may groan,
 Yet wisely still adds nothing of his own:
 But man, alas! besides his natural share,
 Makes half those evils he repines to bear.
 Does any sneeze *? grief turns the hearers pale;
 We burn with anger if the world should rail:
 Unlucky dreams with terror fill the soul;
 We tremble at the hooting of an owl:
 By contests, prejudices, pride, and law,
 Unnumber'd evils on ourselves we draw.

* Sneezing was sometimes reckoned an ill omen.

M A N unhappy compared with other
C R E A T U R E S.

IF to my choice indulgent Heav'n would give,
This life worn out, another life to life,
And say, ' Partake what form delights thee best,
' Be man again, again with reason blest ;
' Assume the horse's strength, the sheep's warm
coat,
' Bark in the dog, or wanton in the goat ;
' For this is Fate's immutable decree,
' And one more being is reserv'd for thee :
To bounteous Heav'n I'd thus prefer my prayer ;
' O let not Reason's lamp be lighted here !
' Make me not man ; his only-partial race
' Holds vice in credit, virtue in disgrace.
' The steed victorious in the rapid course
' Eats food more dainty than the sluggish horse :
' Is there a dog, distinguish'd for his smell ?
' No common dog will ever fare so well :

' The

156 F R A G M E N T S O F

‘ The gallant cock that boasts heroic blood,
 ‘ Rakes not in dirty dunghills for his food ;
 ‘ And should he strut among the feathered crew,
 ‘ Each conscious brother pays him honour due.
 ‘ Man, tho’ of each accomplishment possesst,
 ‘ Renown’d for valour, and with virtue blest,
 ‘ Gains from the heedless world no due regard,
 ‘ His worth no praise, his valour no reward :
 ‘ While fawning flatterers bask in Fortune’s ray,
 ‘ Knaves that detract, and villains that betray.
 ‘ ’Tis better far thro’ any form to pass,
 ‘ To crawl a reptile, or to drudge an ass,
 ‘ Than see base miscreants, Guilt’s abandon’d crew,
 ‘ Enjoy those honours that are Virtue’s due.’

Page 248.

THE

The O R I G I N of M A N.

TO know the origin from whence you came,
And the frail fashion of this human frame,
Pause o'er those monuments with pensive eye,
Where purpled tyrants, proud oppressors lie ;
All who could boast wealth, wisdom, beauty, birth,
Here meet, and mingle with one common earth :
Yet these no bright accomplishments could save
From Fate's dread sentence to the gloomy grave :
There while you read the frailty of your frame,
Learn from what vile original you came.

Page 276.



THE

PLEASURES of SOLITUDE.

HOW sweet and pleasant, to a man endued
With moral goodness, is deep solitude?
Pensive to rove, not meditating harm,
And live in affluence at his country farm.
For in large cities where the many bide,
Self-cankering envy dwells, and high-blown pride:
There lull'd in all the luxury of ease,
They live at large, licentious as they please;
Yet soon these pleasures pall, and quick decay,
Like the light blaze that crackling dies away.

Page 178.

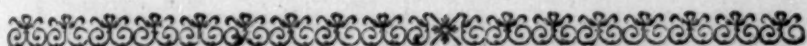
SOR-

SORROW familiar to all M E N.

SURE sorrows are to human-kind ally'd :
They reign where Fortune pours her golden
tide ;

Besiege the son of glory's splendid door,
Grow gray and old together with the poor.

Page 104.



GOOD and EVIL blended.

N O good in life the race of men can see,
Spring from one root, as branches from
the tree ;

But near the good we find the evil still,

And frequent good arises out of ill.

Page 156.

CON-

C O N T E N T.

MIXT with all good full many ills we find,
 But no one bliss to gratify the mind;
 If more of good than ill the Gods have given,
 Pleas'd let us bless the bounteous hand of Heaven.

Page 30.

*****!*****

Banish C A R E.

WHate'er offends thee, care, or grief, or
 strife,
 Drive far away beyond the verge of life;
 For here, alas; we little time possess,
 And every sorrow makes that little less.

Page 158.

T E M P L E of R E A S O N.

W Here-e'er the sacred rays of reason shine,
 There dwells the God that utters
 truths divine.

Page 22.

The M A N of R E A S O N.

IN human nature nothing can excel
 The man that regulates and reasons well;
 To show good sense and order in a thing,
 Denotes the chief, the counsellor, the king:
 These noble virtues nothing can exceed,
 The man of reason is a man indeed.

Page 90.

M

GOOD-

GOOD-SENSE.

BEST are the wealthy who abound in
sense,

Which gives a noble sanction to expence :

This, this should be the son of fortune's care,

The weight of wealth with equal mind to bear ;

For riches oft deprave the human will,

And turn the bias of the mind to ill.

Page 120.

*****!*****

A GOOD NAME.

IN every state the Good protection claim,
For the best passport is an honest name.

Page 134.

PATIENCE.

HIM I esteem most virtuous of mankind
Who bears offences with a patient mind.

Page 32.



Man blind to future EVENTS.

SAY not, O man! for it becomes thee not,
This evil shall not happen to my lot.

Page 56.



FRIENDSHIP.

AS gold more splendid from the fire appears,
Thus friendship brightens by the length
of years.

Page 272.

TYRANTS unhappy.

AH! dreadful state of soul-consuming woe,
Which tyrants, proud oppressors, undergo!
Not all their pride, nor pomp, nor pow'r can
grant.

One sweet enjoyment which the meanest want.
What torments then must curse their guilty hours
Who live immur'd in citadels and towers?
Who think, mistrustful of their menial band,
Each slave conceals a dagger in his hand?
Such chastisements the Gods for those ordain
Who uncontroul'd despotically reign.

Page 24.

The

The Poor should not be oppressed.

WH O dares with wrongs the needy to
pursue,

Is base, nor base alone, but foolish too.

What thoughtless pride to spurn that humble state,

Which chance may make his own unpitied fate?

Though now he boasts his heaps of golden store,

Soon may those fail, and he be rich no more ;

The streams of fortune, never at a stay,

Oft change their course, and quickly glide away.

Page 34.

~~~~~

## R I C H E S.

**W**H A T can be weigh'd with riches in  
the scale ?

They screen all vices with a golden veil.

Page 30.

RICH and POOR equally unhappy.

**T**HE rich all happy I was wont to hold,  
 Who never paid large usury for gold.  
 "Those sons of fortune never sigh, I said,  
 "Nor toss with anguish on their weary bed;  
 "But soft dissolving into balmy sleep,  
 "Indulge sweet slumbers, while the needy weep:"  
 But now the great and opulent, I see,  
 Lament their lots, and mourn as well as we.

Page 104.

\*\*\*\*\*

FORTUNE BLIND.

**T**HIS sacred truth print deeply on thy  
 mind;  
 Fortune, and Fortune's votaries are blind.

Page 28.

EVIL

EVIL COMPANY contagious.

**L**ET not false arguments thy reason blind,  
For evil converse taints the virtuous  
mind \*.

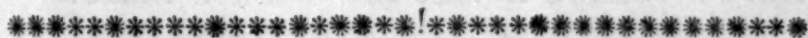
Page 78.



I M P U D E N C E.

**H**E stands in impudence without a peer,  
Who scorns to blush, and knows not  
how to fear.

Page 6.



I M P O R T U N A T E A D V I C E.

**W**HEN well ourselves, we boast the  
doctor's skill,

And give advice to others that are ill †.

Page 16.

\* St. Paul has copied this sentence from Menander,  
Φθιμεσιν ηθη χρησθ' ομιλιας κακαι, which are the very words of our  
author.—Evil communications corrupt good manners. I. Cor.

15. 33.

† Facile omnes cum valemus ægrotis consilia damus. TER.

## DANGERS of MATRIMONY.

A. **W**HILE prudence guides, change  
not, at any rate,

A life of freedom for the married state :

I ventur'd once to play that desperate game,

And therefore warn you, not to do the same.

B. The counsel may be sage which you advance ;

But I'm resolv'd to take the common chance.

A. Mild gales attend that voyage of your life,  
And waft you safely thro' the sea of strife :

Not the dire Libyan, or Ægæan sea,

Where out of thirty ships scarce perish three ;

But that, where daring fools most dearly pay,

Where all that sail are surely cast away.



## COMFORTS of MATRIMONY.

**Y**OU judge quite wrong to think your fortune hard ;

Life's troubles, not its blessings, you regard :  
Believe me, friend, the race of man can know  
No earthly comfort unallay'd with woe.  
Much plague, no doubt, attends a sumptuous wife;  
She's the sure torment of her husband's life.  
Yet ev'n from her some benefits accrue,  
She brings him sons, she brings him daughters too:  
When ill, her care administers relief,  
When Fortune frowns, she solaces his grief:  
When age, or sickness, brings him to his end,  
She decently inters him, like a friend.  
Think, think on this, when slight vexations tease;  
The mighty charm will set your heart at ease:  
But if you let wild sorrow thus prevail,  
And place no comforts in the other scale;  
Not weighing gain with loss, nor good with ill,  
Still you must murmur, and be wretched still.

The RICH and YOUNG should marry.

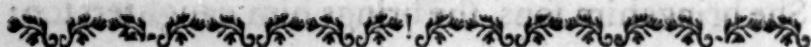
**T**HOSE that are rich, and in the bloom  
of life,

May wed and prove the comforts of a wife;

But who postpone the bliss till past their prime,

Must pay large interest for neglect of time.

Page 84.



## MATERNAL AFFECTION.

**W**HY for her children should the wife  
express

More fond affection, and the husband less?

The reason, if I rightly judge, is this,

She knows them her's, and he but thinks them his.

Page 236.

NURSE

## NURSE MYRTILA.

**R**OUSE but old Myrtila, the nurse, and  
give her

The least occasion, and she'll talk for ever :  
With far less art and ease you may restrain  
The sounding cymbals of Dodona's fane,  
(Which, if but touch'd, the holy Augur hears  
The live-long day remurmur'd in his ears)  
Than still this chattering crone, who with her tales  
Torments the weary night as soon as evening fails.

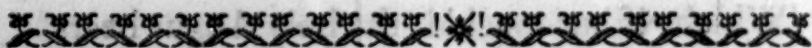
✎ The learned reader will find the original of this Fragment in Dr. Bentley's Emendations of Menander, page 16. printed at Cambridge, in the year 1713.

## POWER of MUSIC.

**M**USIC has charms the savage breast to  
move,

And songs are Syrens that invite to love.

Page 84.



## The STRICTLY-RIGHTEOUS FIELD.

**S**URE never swain with anxious labour till'd  
A more religious, or a juster field:

Abundant tribute to the Gods it pays

In ivy, flowers, and honorary bays:

If I sow barley, to a single grain,

It justly brings the quantity again.

Page 32.

LOVE

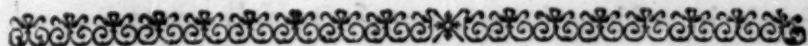


LOVE OMNIPOTENT.

'GAINST Love's unerring darts there's no  
defence,

They wound the blockhead, and the man of sense.

Page 14.



KNOW OTHERS.

'K'NOW thou thyself,' was always said  
of old,

A maxim not quite absolute I hold ;

It had been better far, you must allow,

And more our interest, ' Other men to know.'

Page 86.

\* IGNIS

## \* I G N I S F A T U U S.

**G**Ramineos infra campos, penetralia Floræ  
Purpureis opibus redolentia, fumeus Aër  
Caligat; varios hîc tellus ubere partu  
Flammarum ponit fœtus, et pingua venis  
Nutrimenta fovet, genitalia femina rerum.  
Quæ postquam matris dudum sopita silenti  
Incubûere sinu, quoties Titanus ardor  
Sævit in æstivas luces, patefacta sub auras  
Reddit humus; pars æthereâ regione viarum  
Expatiat ovans; levitas sua sufficit alas.  
Pars ignava tenet terræ confinia, sese  
Insinuans inter nocturnos undique rores.

\* This elegant copy of verses was written, as an academical exercise, by my worthy friend, and former tutor, the Rev. Richard Oakley, M. A. late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Et

W I L L with a W I S P:

**D**E E P in the silence of the grassy plains,  
Where Flora, drest in purple beauty reigns,  
Ambrosial queen of flowerets sweet and fair ;  
Impregnated with vapours the thick air  
Grows stagnant: here at frequent births transpire,  
Profuse, the living particles of fire,  
Which, from her lap, the Earth prolific flings,  
The genial seeds, and origin of things :  
These, long time ripening, oft as Titan's ray  
Bright-burning blazes on the summer's day,  
At length, emerging from the soil, repair,  
And sport, capricious, in the fields of air :  
Some, lightly mounting in th' etherial sky,  
Expatriate freely, and in meteors fly :  
Some, near the ground their vagrant course pursue,  
And blend delusion with the nightly dew :

For

176    I G N I S   F A T U U S.

Et jam, seu calidis pugnent humentia, vires  
Sive bitumineæ rapiant incendia, flamma  
Exilit, et vivos imitatur ludicra motus.

Aspice ! cùm rebus nox abstulit atra colorem,  
Fusus ad irriguas ripas micat igneus humor,  
Mobilitate vicens, et eundo flumina verrit  
Summa levis, liquidisque sororibus oscula libat.

Jam varios meditans excursus ocyus Euro  
Ardet abire fugâ per inane volatile lumen.  
Stare loco nescit, saliensque per omnia puncto  
Temporis itque reditque vagans sine corpore vita.

Hinc sæpe, obscœnos iterat dum noctua cantus,  
Nigrantes inter tenebras prope limina Divûm  
Tristibus insultat lux importuna sepulchris.  
Ægros huc gressus si fortè advertat anus quæ,  
Igneolos cernit lemures, simulachraque mille  
Horret inops animi, stolidi figmenta timoris.

Jamque



For whether from the strife of moist and dry,  
 Or from bitumen fiery sparkles fly,  
 A sudden flame the mingling vapours give,  
 Which seems, to mortal eyes, to move and live.  
 Lo! when the beauteous landscape fades in night,  
 In some irriguous valley, glimmering bright,  
 The false flame dances, or with quivering gleam,  
 Skims on the bosom of the winding stream,  
 Sports with the Naiads, and in wanton play,  
 Kisses the sisters of the watery way.  
 Now thro' the void the vain excursive light,  
 Fleet as the wind, precipitates its flight,  
 Unfix'd and volatile with instant bound  
 'Tis here, 'tis there, and roves the country round.  
 Oft as the darkling owl renews her song,  
 In lone church-yards it gleams, the mournful  
     graves among.  
 Should some old hag slow hobbling hither tend,  
 She spies, no doubt, the fiery-flaming fiend;  
 To her mind's eye a thousand ghosts appear,  
 The foolish apparitions of her fear.

N

Then

Jamque adeo latè fabellam spargit anilem  
Fama volans, trepidat mentes ignobile vulgus.  
Scilicet hîc animæ tenues, defunctaque vitâ  
Corpora, subfiliunt obscurâ nocte per umbram.  
Seu Libitina fero visu sua regna pererrat,  
Et tumulos numerans lugubres, horrida quatit  
Funebres tædas & formidabile lumen.

Quin & mille dolos volvens sub pectore flamma  
Avia pervolitat, quam cæcâ nocte viator  
Deprensus sectatur ovans; quid cogitet ignis  
Nescius heu! Fax ante volans per opacâ locorum  
Errabunda regit vestigia, perfida tandem  
Deferit immersum flagno squalente colonum  
Eructantem iras, hirsutaque colla madentem.

Talem flumineæ quondam risère sorores  
Pana Deum Arcadiæ, taciti Ladonis ad amnem;  
Scilicet hic nympham captans juvenile micantem,  
Oscula dum peteret, mediis effusus in undis  
Virgine pro tenerâ fœdam complectitur ulvam.

Then all around tremendous tales are spread,  
 And the weak vulgar stand appall'd with dread;  
 For here they deem, depriv'd the golden light,  
 That spirits wander in the gloom of night;  
 Or that pale Proserpine, fierce-visag'd, comes  
 To number all the melancholy tombs,  
 And dreadful, as she frowns, the deadly dame  
 Shakes her dire torches tipt with livid flame.

Oft o'er the dreary waste, or boundless plain,  
 This bright deception leads the nightly swain;  
 Thoughtless of harm he plods the forest o'er,  
 Where never wanderer bent his way before,  
 At length, deluded by the fickle fire,  
 He sinks absorpt in bogs, and flounders in the mire.

Thus once, where Ladon rolls his silent flood,  
 Laugh'd the fair Naiads at th' Arcadian God;  
 A blooming nymph he saw, admir'd, carest,  
 And when he strove to clasp her to his breast,  
 Plung'd in the waves among the watery weeds  
 He lost the virgin, and embrac'd the reeds.

Ast ubi jam Phœbi radiis Aurora rubescit  
Pulchrior, & stellis acies obtusa videtur,  
Purpureo superata die, caput addit imago,  
Et procul in tenues it vita minutula ventos.

Haud secus ignaros duxit Cartesius olim  
Philosophos, rapiens deserta per ardua cœcæ  
Naturæ; demum Newtonus luce coruscans  
Eoâ, mundique sagax arcana tueri,  
Materiam pepulit subtilem, egitque sub umbras.

Cantabr. in comitiis prioribus, 1730-1.



But when the rosy morn her blush displays,  
 And all the splendor of the stars decays,  
 The light fantastic phantoms cease to glare,  
 Lost in the day, and flit in empty air.

Descartes thus, great Nature's wandering guide,  
 Fallacious led Philosophy aside,  
 'Till Newton rose, in orient beauty bright,  
 He rose, and brought the world's dark laws to  
     light,  
 Then subtile matter saw, and vanish'd at his  
     fight.

D A T U R

MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

U NDE labor novus hic menti? Quæ cura  
quietam

Sollicitat, rapiensque extra confinia terræ,  
Cœlestes sine more jubet volitare per ignes?  
Scilicet impatiens angusto hoc orbe teneri,  
Fontenelle, tuos audax imitarius ausus  
Gestio, & insolitas spirant præcordia flammæ.

Fallor, an ipse venit? Delapsus ab æthere summo  
Pegasus urget eques, laterique flagellifer instat:  
Me vocat; & duris desiste laboribus, inquit,  
“ Me duce, carpe viam facilem, tibi singula clare  
“ Expediam, tibi cernere erit, quos sidera nôrunt,  
“ Indigenas, cultusque virum, moresque docebo.”

Nec

D A T U R 184

A

## VOYAGE to the PLANETS.

**W**HENCE this new ardor ? whence this  
rage to trace

New worlds that roll thro' ether's boundless space?  
Snatch'd from the confines of this orb of clay,  
With emulation fir'd I wing my way,  
Where Fontenelle first saw the planets roll,  
And all the God tumultuous shakes my soul.

Yes, yes, he comes ! and thro' the sun-bright  
skies

Drives foaming Pegasus ; " Cease, cease, he cries,  
" All meaner tasks ; 'tis thine with me to soar,  
" And visit kingdoms unexplor'd before ;  
" While I succinctly show each various race,  
" The manners, and the genius of the place."

Nec mora, pennipedem conscendo jussus, ovanſque  
 (Quanquam animus ſecum volvens exempla  
 priorum

Bellerophontæ pallet diſpendia famæ)

Post equitem ſedeo, liquidumque per aëra labor.

—Mercurium petimus primùm: dux talibus inſit;

“ Aſpicias vanæ maleſana negotia gentis,

“ Quam mens deſtituit Titane exuſta propinquo,

“ Stramineis viden’? Hic velatus tempora fertis

“ Emicat, & ſolos reges crepat atque tetrarchas.

“ Ille ſuam carbone Chloen depingit amator

“ Infelix, ægram rudia indigeſtaque mentem

“ Carmina demulcent, indocta que tibia muſas,

“ En! ſedet incomptus crines barbataque menta

“ Aſtrologus, nova qui venatur fidera, ſolus

“ Semper in obſcuro penetrati; multaque muros

“ Linea nigrantes, & multa triangula pingunt.

“ Ecce



I (tho' my mind with lively horror fraught,  
 Thinks on Bellerophon, and dreads the thought)  
 Mount quick behind ; the winged courser flies,  
 And cleaves the azure of the liquid skies.

First Mercury, swift circling round the sun,  
 We reach, when thus my friendly guide begun :

" Mark well the genius of this fiery place,

" The wild amusements of the brainfick race,

" Whose minds the beams of Titan, too intense,

" Affect with frenzy, and distract the sense.

" A monarch here gives subject princes law,

" A mighty monarch, with a crown of straw.

" Here the lone lover, on the cieling bare,

" With charcoal paints his Chloe heav'nly fair ;

" In sadly-soothing strain rude notes he sings,

" Or grates harsh discord from the jarring strings.

" Lo ! an astrologer, with filth besmear'd,

" Rough and neglected, with a length of beard,

" Pores round his cell for undiscover'd stars,

" And decks the wall with triangles and squares.

" Lo !

“ Ecce ! sed interea curru flammante propinquat

“ Titan.—Clamo, O me ! gelidâ sub rupe, sub  
umbrâ

“ Siste precor : tantos nequeo perferre calores.”

Pegason inde tuo genius felicior astro

Appulit, alma Venus. Spirant quam molliter auræ !

Ridet ager, frugum facilis, lascivaque florum

Nutrix ; non Euri ruit hic per dulcia Tempe

Vis fera, non Boreæ : sed blandior aura Favonî,

Lenis agens tremulo nutantes vertice sylvas,

Usque fovet teneros, quos usque resuscitat, ignes.

Hic lætis animata sonis Saltatio vivit :

Hic jam voce ciet cantum, jam pectine, dulces

Musica doctamodos : pulchræ longo ordine nymphæ

Festivas ducunt choreas, dilecta juvenus

“ Certatim stipant comites : latè halat amomo

Omne

"Lo!---But the radiant car of Phœbus nigh  
 "Glow with red ardour, and inflames the sky---  
 "Oh! waft me, hide me in some cool retreat;  
 "I droop, I sicken with the fervent heat."

Thence to that milder orb we wing our way,  
 Where Venus governs with an easy sway.  
 Soft breathes the air; fair Flora paints the ground,  
 And fruitful Ceres deals her gifts around.  
 This blissful Tempe no rough blasts molest,  
 Of blustering Boreas, or the baleful East;  
 But gentle Zephyrs o'er the woodlands stray,  
 Court the tall trees, and round the branches play,  
 Their genial gales dispensing as they flow,  
 To fan those passions which they teach to glow.  
 Here the gay youth in measur'd steps advance,  
 While sprightly music animates the dance;  
 Here the soft sounds of melody inspire  
 Sighs to the song, and languors to the lyre:  
 Fair nymphs and amorous swains, a lovely band,  
 Blend in the dance, light-bounding hand in hand.

From

Omne nemus, varioque æterni veris odore :

Cura procul : circumvolitant risusque jocique :

Atque amor est, quodcunque vides. Venus ipsa  
volentes

Imperio regit indigenas, hic innuba Phœbe,

Innuba Pallas amet, cupiant servire Catones.

Jamque datum molimur iter, sedesque beatas

Multa gemens linquo; & lugubre rubentia Martis

Arva, ubi sanguineæ dominantur in omnia rixæ,

Advehimur; ferro riget horrida turba, geritque

Spiculaque, gladiosque, ferosque in bella dolones.

Pro choreâ, & dulci modulamine, Pyrrhicus illis

Saltus, & horribiles placet ære ciere sonores.

Hic conjux viduata viro longo effera luctu

Flet noctem, solumque torum sterilesque Hyme-

næos

Deplorans,



From every grove the buxom Zephyrs bring  
The rich ambrosia of eternal spring.

Care dwells not here, their pleasures to destroy,  
But laughter, jest, and universal joy:

All, all is love; for Venus reigns confest  
The sole Sultana of each captive breast:

Cold Cynthia here would Cupid's victim prove,  
Or the chaste daughter of imperial Jove,  
And rigid Cato be the slave of love. }

Now thro' the destin'd fields of air we fly,  
And leave those happy mansions with a sigh:  
Thence the dire coast we reach, the dreary plains,  
Where Mars, grim god, and bloody Discord reigns:  
The host in arms embattled sternly stands,  
The sword, the dart, the dagger in their hands.  
Here no fair nymphs to silver sounds advance,  
But buskin'd heroes form the Pyrrhic dance.  
And brazen trumpets, terrible from far,  
With martial music fire the soul to war.  
Here mourns the lovely bride her husband fled,  
The sterile nuptials, the deserted bed,

Deplorans, lacerat crines, & pectora plangit :  
Necquicquam---sponsus ni fortè appareat, hospes  
Heu ! brevis, in somnis, & ludicra fallat imago.  
Immemor ille tori interea ruit acer in hostem :  
Horrendum strepit armorum fragor undique  
campis ;

Atque immortales durant in sæcula pugnæ.

Hinc Jovis immensum delati accedimus orbem.  
Illic mille locis exercet sæva tyrannus  
Imperia in totidem servos, totidemque rebelles :  
Sed brevis exercet : parat illi fata veneno  
Perjurus, populosque premit novus ipse tyrannus.  
Hi decies pacem figunt pretio atque refigunt :

Tum

Sighs the long nights, and, frantic with despair,  
 Beats her soft breast, and rends her flowing hair :  
 In vain she sighs, in vain dissolves in tears---  
 In sleep, perchance, the warrior lord appears,  
 A fleeting form that glides before her sight,  
 A momentary vision of the night.  
 Mean while, regardless of her tender woe,  
 The hardy husband rushes on the foe :  
 Harsh sounds of war thro' regions distant rage,  
 And fights immortal last from age to age.

Hence thro' the boundless void we nimbly move,  
 And reach the wide-extended plains of Jove.  
 Here the stern tyrant sways an iron rod ;  
 A thousand vassals tremble at his nod.  
 How short the period of a tyrant's date !  
 The poisonous phial speeds the work of fate :  
 Scarce is the proud, imperious tyrant dead,  
 But, lo ! a second lords it in his stead.  
 Here peace, as common merchandize is sold,  
 Heav'ns first, best blessing, for pernicious gold :

War

Tum demum arma parant : longæ lateque cohortes  
Extenduntur agris ; simul æquora tota teguntur  
Classibus, & ficti celebrantur utrinque triumphi.  
Fœdera mox ineunt nunquam violanda ; brevique  
Belli iterum simulachra cient ! referuntur in altum  
Classes, pacificoque replentur milite campi.  
Filius hic patri meditatur, sponsa marito,  
Servus hero insidias. Has leges scilicet illis  
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore patrem  
Jupiter ipse suum folio detrufit avito.  
Inde venena viris, perjuria, munera, fraudes,  
Suadet opum fitis, & regnandi dira cupido.

Saturni tandem nos illatabilis ora  
Accipit : ignavum pecus hic per opaca locorum  
Pinguescunt de more, gravi torpentque veterno.  
Vivitur in specubus : quis enim tam sedulus, arces  
Qui struat ingentes, operosaque mœnia condât ?

Idem



War soon succeeds, the sturdy squadrons stand  
 Wide o'er the fields, a formidable band :  
 With numerous fleets they croud the groaning main,  
 And triumph for the victories they feign :  
 Again in strict alliances unite,  
 Till Discord raise the phantom of a fight ;  
 Again they sail ; again the troops prepare  
 Their falchions for the mockery of war :  
 The son inhuman seeks his father's life,  
 The slave his master's, and her lord's the wife.  
 With vengeance thus their kindling bosoms fire,  
 Since Jove usurp'd the sceptre of his fire.  
 Hence poisons, bribes, frauds, perjuries, betray ;  
 And thirst of gold, and avarice of sway.

At length we land, vast fields of ether crost,  
 On Saturn's cold, uncomfortable coast ;  
 In dismal gloom here drones inactive lull  
 The lazy hours, lethargically dull.  
 In caves they live ; were sluggards ever known  
 To raise a citadel, or build a town ?

Idem omnes stupor altus habet, sub pectore fixus.  
Non studia ambitiosa Jovis, varioſve labores  
Mercurii, non Martis opus, non Cyprida nôrunt.  
Poſt obitum, ut perhibent, ſedes glomerantur in  
iſtas

Qui longam nullas vitam excoluère per artes;  
Sed Cerere & Baccho pleni, ſomnoque ſepulti  
Cunſtarum duxère æterna oblivia rerum.  
Non avium auditur cantus, non murmura quarum,  
Mugitusve boum, aut pecorum balatus in agris:  
Nudos non decorant ſegetes, non gramina campos.  
Sylva, uſquam ſi ſylva, latet ſub monte nivali,  
Et canet viduata comis: hic noctua tantùm  
Gliſque habitat, buſoque & cum teſtudine, talpa.  
Flumina dum tardè ſubterlabentia terras  
Pigram undam volvunt, & ſola papavera paſcunt:

Quorum

The same deep stupor, thro' the lifeless whole,  
Chills in the breast, and freezes in the soul.

These never know th' ambitious schemes of Jove,  
Their breasts not fire-fraught Mercury can move,  
Mars cannot spur to war, nor Venus woo to love. }

Here rove those souls, 'tis said, when life departs,  
Who left uncultivated useful arts ;

But stupify'd with plenty and repose,  
Dreamt out long life in one continued doze !

No feather'd songsters, with sweet-warbled strains  
Attune to melting melody the plains,

No flocks, no herds here feed in pastures wide,  
No ~~fountains~~ musically murmuring glide ;

Th' ungenial waste no tender herbage yields,  
No harvests wave luxuriant in the fields.

The woods, if woods there be, lie leafless, low  
Beneath bleak mountains of eternal snow.

Dull animals inhabit this abode,

The owl, mole, dormouse, tortoise, and the toad.

Dull rivers roll within their channels deep,

And only feed the poppy as they creep :

Quorū lentus odor, lethæaque pocula somnos  
Suadent perpetuos, circumfusæque tenebræ.

Horrendo visu obstupui: quin Pegafon ipsum  
Defecere animi; sensit dux, terque flagello  
Insonuit clarum, terque alta voce morantem  
Increpuit: fecat ille cito pede lævia campi  
Ætherei, terræque secundâ allabitur aurâ.

Cantabr. in Comitiiis prioribus, 1740-1.



M A T E R I E S



Whose stagnant fumes, and dozing draughts invite  
Perpetual slumbers in perpetual night.

Aghast I stood, the drowsy vapours lull  
My soul in gloom, ev'n Pegasus grew dull.  
My guide observ'd, and thrice he urg'd his speed,  
Thrice the loud lash resounded from the steed;  
Fir'd at the strokes, he flies with slacken'd rein }  
Swift o'er the level of the liquid plain, }  
Glides with the gentle gale, and lights on earth }  
again.

Materies gaudet vi Inertiæ.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

**V** Ervecum in patria, quâ latè Belgica squalent  
Arva inarata, palus horrenda voragine crebrâ  
Ante oculos jacet ; haud illic impune viator,  
Per tenebras iter instituat ; tremit undique tellus  
Sub pedibus malefida, vapores undique densos  
Sudat humus, nebulisque amicitur tristibus herba.

Huc fato infelix si quando agiteris iniquo,  
Et tutò in medium liceat penetrare, videbis  
Attonitus, nigrâ de nube emergere templum,  
Templum ingens, immane, altum penetrale  
Stuporis.

Plumbea stat turris, plumbum finuatur in arcus,  
Et solido limosa tument fundamina plumbo.

Hanc,

THE  
TEMPLE of DULNESS.

**D**EEP in the bosom of Batavian plains,  
Where weathers fatten, and where Dul-  
ness reigns,

Full many a fen infests the putrid shore,  
And many a gulph the melancholy moor.  
Let not the stranger in these regions stray,  
Dark is the sky, and perilous the way;  
Beneath his steps the quivering turfs resound,  
Dense fogs exhale, and dwell upon the ground.

Here should you rove, by Fate's severe command,  
You'll see, within the centre of the land,  
The fane of dulness, of prodigious size,  
Emerging from a sable cloud arise.

A leaden tower upheaves its heavy head,  
Large leaden arches press the slimy bed,  
The soft soil swells beneath the load of lead. }

Hanc pia Materies Divo ædem extruxit inerti,  
Stultitiæ impulsu--quid enim? Lethargica semper  
Sponte suâ nihil aggreditur, dormitat in horas,  
Et, sine vi, nullo gaudet Dea languida motu.

Hic ea monstra habitant, quæ olim sub luminis  
auras

Materies peperit somno patrè, lividus iste  
Zoilus, & Bavio non impar Mævius; audax  
Spinoza, & Pyrrho, cumque Hobbefio Epicurus.  
Ast omnes valeat quæ musa referre? frequentes  
Usque adeo videas hebetes properare?—nec adfert  
Quidquam opis Anglorum doctæ vicinia gentis.  
Sic quondam, ut perhibent, stupuit Bæotica tellus  
Vicinâ licet Antycirâ, nihil inde salutis,  
Nil tulit hellebori Zephyrus, cum sæpe per æquor

Felicem



Old Matter here erected this abode,  
 At Folly's impulse, to the Slothful God.  
 Here the majestic drone delights to stay,  
 Slumbering the dull, inactive hours away ;  
 Here still, unless by foreign force imprest,  
 She holds the sceptre of eternal rest.

Their habitation here those monsters keep,  
 Whom Matter father'd on the God of Sleep :  
 Here Zoilus, with cankering envy pale,  
 Here Mævius bids his brother Bavius, hail ;  
 Bold atheist leaders head their senseless mobs,  
 Spinoza, Pyrro, Epicurus, Hobbes.  
 How can the Muse recount the numerous crew  
 Of frequent dunces crowding on the view ?  
 Nor can learn'd Albion's sun that burns so bright,  
 Illuminate the realms involv'd in night.

Bæotia thus remain'd, in days of yore,  
 Senseless and stupid, tho' the neighbouring shore }  
 Afforded salutary hellebore :

No cure exhal'd from Zephyr's buxom breeze,  
 That gently brush'd the bosom of the seas,

Felicem ad Lesbon levibus volitaverit alis,  
Indigenæ mellita ferens suspiria Floræ.

Porticus illa vides? Gothicis suffulta columnis,  
Templi aditus, quàm laxa patet! custodia qualis  
Ante fores! quatuor formæ sua tollere miris  
Ora modis! en! torva tuens stat limine in ipso,  
Personam Logices induta, Sophistica, denis  
Cincta Categoriis; matrem quæ maxima natu  
Filia Materiem agnoscit--quantum instar in ipsâ est!  
Grande caput, tenues oculi, cutis arida produnt  
Fallacem: rete una manus tenet, altera fustem.  
Vestis arachneis fordet circumdata telis,  
Queis gaudet labyrinthæos Dea callida nodos.  
Aspicias jam funereo gradientem incesu—  
Quàm lentè cœlo Saturni volvitur astrum:

Quàm

As oft to Lesbian fields he wing'd his way,  
 Fanning fair Flora, and in airy play  
 Breath'd balmy sighs, that melt the soul away. }

Behold that portico! how vast, how wide!  
 The pillars Gothic, wrought with barbarous pride:  
 Four monstrous shapes before the portal wait,  
 Of horrid aspect, centry to the gate:  
 Lo! in the entrance, with disdainful eye,  
 In Logick's dark disguise, stands Sophistry:  
 Her very front would common sense confound,  
 Encompass'd with ten categories round:  
 She from Old Matter, the great mother came,  
 By birth the eldest---and how like the dame!  
 Her shrivel'd skin, small eyes, enormous pate,  
 Denote her shrewd, and subtle in debate:  
 This hand a net, and that sustains a club,  
 T'entangle her antagonist, or drub.  
 The spider's toils, all o'er her garment spread,  
 Imply the mazy errors of her head.  
 Behold her marching with funereal pace,  
 Slow as old Saturn thro' prodigious space,

Quàm lentè saltaverunt post Orphea montes :

Quàm lentè, Oxonii, solennis pondera cænæ

Gestant tergemina abdomina bedellorum.

Proximadeinde tenet loca sorte infana Mathefis,

Nuda pedes, chlamydem discincta, incompta capillos,

Immemor externi, punctoque innixa reclinat.

Ante pedes vario inscriptam diagrammate arenam

Cernas, rectis curva, atque intertexta rotunda

Schemata quadratis—queis scilicet abdita rerum

Pandere se jactat solam, doctasque sorores

Fastidit, propriæque nihil non arrogat arti.

Illam olim, duce Neutono, dum tendit ad astra,

Ætheriasque domos superûm, indignata volentem

Turba



Slow as the mighty mountains mov'd along,  
 When Orpheus rais'd the lyre-attended song:  
 Slow as at Oxford, on some Gaudy day,  
 Fat beadles, in magnificent array,  
 With big round bellies bear the ponderous treat,  
 And heavily lag on, with the vast load of meat.

Next her, mad Mathefis; her feet all bare,  
 Ungirt, untrimm'd, with loose neglected hair:  
 No foreign object can her thoughts disjoint;  
 Reclin'd she sits, and ponders o'er a point.

Before her, lo! inscrib'd upon the ground  
 Strange diagrams th' astonish'd sight confound,  
 Right lines and curves, with figures square  
 and round.

With these the monster, arrogant and vain,  
 Boasts that she can all mysteries explain,  
 And treats the sacred sisters with disdain.

She, when great Newton sought his kindred  
 skies,

Sprung high in air, and strove with him to rise,

In

Turbamathematicûm retrahit, pœnasque reposcens  
Detinet in terris, nugisque exercet ineptis.

Tertia Microphile, proles furtiva parentis  
Divinæ! produxit enim commixta furenti  
Diva viro Physice—muscas & papiliones  
Lustrat inexpletum, collumque & tempora ridēt  
Floribus, & fungis, totâque propagine veris.  
Rara oculis nugarum avidis animalia quærit  
Omne genus, seu serpit humi, seu ludit in undis,  
Seu volitans tremulis liquidum fecat aëra pennis.  
O! ubi littoribus nostris felicior aura

Polypon

In vain---the mathematic mob restrains  
Her flight, indignant, and on earth detains;  
E'er since she dwells intent on useless schemes,  
Unmeaning problems, and deliberate dreams.

Microphile is station'd next in place,  
The spurious issue of celestial race;  
From heavenly Physice she took her birth,  
Her fire a madman of the sons of earth;  
On flies she pores with keen, unwearied sight,  
And moths and butterflies, her dear delight;  
Around her neck hang dangling on a string  
The fungous tribe, with all the flowers of spring.  
With greedy eyes she'll search the world to find  
Insects and reptiles rare of every kind;  
Whether along the lap of earth they stray,  
Or nimbly sportive in the waters play,  
Or thro' the light expanse of ether fly,  
And on light wing float wavering in the sky.  
Ye gales, that gently breathe upon our shore,  
O! let the Polypus be wafted o'er;

How

Polypon appulerit, quanto cava templa Stuporis  
Mugitu concussa tremant, reboabit & ingens  
Pulsa palus ! Plausu excipiet Dea blanda secundo  
Microphile ante omnes ; jam non crocodilon adorât !  
Non bombyx, chonchæve juvant : sed Polypon ardet,  
Solum Polypon ardet, — & ecce ! faceta feraci  
Falce novos creat affiduè, pascitque creatos,  
Ah ! modo dilectis pascit nova gaudia muscis.

Quartam Materies peperit conjuncta Stupori,  
Nomen Atheia illi, monstrum cui lumen ad-  
emptum,

Atque aures ; cui sensus abest, sed mille trifulcæ  
Ore micant linguæ, refugas quibus inficit auras.

Hanc



TEMPLE of DULNESS. 209

How will the hollow dome of Dulness ring?  
With what loud joy receive the wonderous thing?  
Applause will rend the skies, and all around  
The quivering quagmires bellow back the sound?  
How will Microphile her joy attest,  
And glow with warmer raptures than the rest?  
No longer shall the crocodile excel,  
Nor weaving worm, nor variegated shell;  
The Polypus shall novelties inspire,  
The Polypus, her only fond desire.  
Lo! by the wounds of her creating knife,  
New Polypusses wriggle into life,  
Fast as the reptiles rise, she feeds with store  
Of once rare flies, but now esteem'd no more.

The fourth dire shape from mother Matter came,  
Dulness her fire, and Atheism her name;  
In her no glimpse of sacred Sense appears,  
Depriv'd of eyes, and destitute of ears;  
And yet she brandishes a thousand tongues,  
And blasts the world with air-infecting lungs.

Hanc Stupor ipse parens odit, vicina nefandos  
Horret sylva sonos, neque furda repercutit Echo.  
Mendacem natura redarguit ipsa, Deumque  
Et cœlum, & terræ, veraciaque Astra fatentur.  
Se simul agglomeransurgit chorus omnis aquarum,  
Et puro sublimè sonat grave fulmen olympo.

Fonte ortus Lethæo, ipsius ad ostia templi,  
Ire soporifero tendit cum murmure rivus,  
Huc potum Stolidos Deus evocat agmine magno :  
Crebri adsunt, largisque sitim restinguere gaudent  
Haustibus, atque iterant calices, certantque stu-  
pendo.

Me, me etiam, clamo, occurrens ;---sed vellicat  
aurem

Calliope, nocuasque vetat contingere lymphas.

M U T U A

TEMPLE of DULNESS. 211

Curs'd by her fire, her very words are wounds,  
No grove re-echoes the detested sounds.  
Whate'er she speaks all nature proves a lye,  
Earth, heaven, and stars proclaim a Deity :  
The congregated waves in mountains driven  
Roar in grand chorus to the lord of heaven ;  
Thro' skies serene the pealing thunders roll,  
Loudly pronounce the God, and shake the found-  
ing pole.

A river, murmuring from Lethæan source,  
Full to the fane directs its sleepy course ;  
The Power of Dulness, leaning on the brink,  
Here calls the multitude of fools to drink.  
Swarming they crowd to stupify the skull,  
With frequent cups contending to be dull.  
Me, let me taste the sacred stream, I cry'd,  
With out-stretch'd arm----the Muse my boon  
deny'd,  
And sav'd me from the sense-intoxicating tide.]

M U T U A

OSCITATIONUM PROPAGATIO

Solvi potest Mechanicè.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

**M**OMUS, scurra procax superûm, quo  
tempore Pallas

Exiluit cerebro Jovis, est pro more jocatus

Nescio quid stultum de partu: excanduit irâ

Jupiter, asper, acerba tuens; "et tu quoque, dixit,

"Garrule, concipies, fœtumq; ex ore profundes:"

Haud mora, jamque supinus in aulâ extenditur  
ingens

Derisor; dubiâ velantur lumina nocte;

Stertit hians immane;---e naso Gallica clangunt

Classica,



A

# MECHANICAL SOLUTION

OF THE

PROPAGATION OF YAWNING.

**W**HEN Pallas issued from the brain of  
Jove,

Momus, the Mimic of the Gods above,  
In his mock mood impertinently spoke,  
About the birth, some low, ridiculous joke:  
Jove, sternly frowning, glow'd with vengeful ire,  
And thus indignant said th' Almighty Sire;  
"Loquacious slave, that laugh'st without a cause,  
"Thou shalt conceive, and bring forth at thy jaws."  
He spoke---stretch'd in the hall the Mimic lies,  
Supinely dull, thick vapours dim his eyes:  
And as his jaws a horrid chasm disclose,  
The Gallic trumpet sounded from his nose;

Classica, Germaniq; simul sermonis amaror.

Edita vix tandem est monstrum Polychasmia,  
proles

Tanto digna parente, aviæq; simillima Nocti.

Illa oculos tentat nequicquam aperire, veterno

Torpida, & horrendo vultum distorta cachinno.

Æmulus hanc Jovis aspiciens, qui fictile vulgus

Fecerat infelix, imitarius arte Prometheus

Audet---nec flammis opus est cœlestibus : auræ

Tres Stygiæ flatus, nigræ tria pocula Lethes

Miscet, & innuptæ suspiria longa puellæ,

His adipem suis & guttur conjungit aselli,

Tensaque cum gemitu somnisque sequacibus ora.

Sic etiam in terris Dea, quæ mortalibus ægris

Ferret opem, inque hebetes dominarier apta,  
creata est.

Nonne vides, ut præcipiti petit oppida cursu  
Rustica plebs, stipatque forum ? sublime tribunal  
Armigerique equitesque premunt, de more parati  
Justitiæ lances proferre fideliter æquas,

Grande

Harsh was the strain, and horrible to hear,  
Like German jargon grating on the ear.

At length was Polychasmia brought to light,  
Like her strange fire, and grandmother, Old Night.  
Her eyes to open oft in vain she try'd,  
Lock'd were the lids, her mouth distended wide.  
Her when Prometheus happen'd to survey  
(Rival of Jove, that made mankind of clay)  
He dar'd to emulate the wondrous frame,  
Nor sought assistance from celestial flame:  
To three Lethæan cups he learn'd to mix  
Deep sighs of virgins, with three blasts from Styx,  
The bray of asses, with the grunt of boar,  
The sleep-preceding groan, and hideous snore.  
Thus took the Goddess her mirac'lous birth,  
Helpful to all the muzzy sons of earth.

Behold ! the motley multitude from far  
Haste to the town, and crowd the clam'rous bar.  
The prest bench groans with many a squire and  
knight,  
Who weigh out justice, and distribute right :

Grande capillitium induti, frontemque minacem.  
Non temerè attoniti caupones, turbaque furum  
Aufugiunt, gravidæque timent trucia ora puellæ.  
At mox fida comes Polychasmia, matutinis  
Quæ se miscuerat poc'lis Cerealibus, ipsum  
Judicis in cerebrum scandit--jamque unus & alter  
Cæperunt longas in hiatum ducere voces :  
Donec per cunctos Dea jam solenne, profundum  
Sparserit Hum--nutant taciti, tum brachia magno  
Extendunt nisu, patulis & faucibus hiscunt.  
Intereà legum caupones jurgia miscent,  
Queis nil Rhetorice est, nisi copia major hiandi :  
Vocibus ambiguis certant, nugasque strophasque  
Alternis jaculantur, & irascuntur amicè,  
Donantq; accipiuntque stuporis missile plumbum.  
Vos, Fanatica turba, nequit pia musa tacere,  
Majoremne aliunde potest diducere rictum ?  
Ascendit gravis Orator, miserâque loquelâ

Expromit



Severe they seem, and formidably big,  
With awful aspect and tremendous wig.  
The pale delinquent pays averse his fine,  
And the fat landlord trembles for his sign.  
Poor, pilfering villains skulk aloof dismay'd,  
And conscious terrors seize the pregnant maid.  
Soon Polychasmia, who was always near,  
Full fraught with morning cups of humming beer,  
Steals to his worship's brain ; thence quickly ran  
Prodigious yawnings, catch'd from man to man :  
Silent they nod, and with laborious strain  
Stretch out their arms, then listless yawn again :  
For all the flowers of rhetoric they can boast,  
Amidst their wranglings, is to gape the most :  
Ambiguous quirks, and friendly wrath they vent,  
And give and take the leaden argument.

Ye too, Fanaticks, never shall escape  
The faithful muse ; for who so widely gape ?  
Mounted on high, with serious care perplexed,  
The miserable preacher takes his text ;

Then

Expromit thesin; in partes quam deinde minutas  
Distrahit, ut connectat, & explicat obscurando:  
Spargitur heu! pigris verborum somnus ab alis,  
Grex circum gemit, & plausum declarat hiando.

Nec vos, qui falso matrem jactatis Hygeian,  
Patremque Hippocratem, taceam--Polychasmia,  
vestros

Agnosco natos: tumidas sine pondere voces  
In vulgum eructant; emuncto quisque bacillum  
Applicat auratum naso, graviterque facetus  
Totum se in vultum cogit, medicamina pandens--  
Rusticus haurit amara, atque insanabile dormit;  
Nec sensus revocare queant fomenta, nec herbæ,  
Non ars, non miræ magicus sonus ABRACADABRÆ.

Ante alios summa es, Polychasmia, cura Sophistæ:  
Ille Tui cæcas vires, causamque latentem

Then into parts minute, with wondrous pains,  
Divides, connects, disjoins, obscures, explains :  
While from his lips lean periods lingering creep,  
And not one meaning interrupts their sleep,  
The drowsy hearers stretch their weary jaws,  
Add groan to groan, and yawn a loud applause.

The Quacks of Physic next provoke my ire,  
Who falsely boast Hippocrates their sire :  
Goddeſs ! thy ſons I ken---verbose and loud,  
They feed with windy puffs the gaping crowd.  
With look important, critical, and vain,  
Each to his noſe applies the gilded cane ;  
Each as he nods, and ponders o'er the caſe,  
Gravely collects himſelf into his face,  
Explains his med'cines---which the ruſtic buys,  
Drinks the dire draught, and of the doctor dies ;  
No pills, no potions can to life reſtore ;  
ABRACADABRA, necromantic power !  
Can charm, and conjure up from death no more. }

The Sophs, great goddeſs, are thy darling care,  
Who hunt out queſtions intricately rare ;

Sedulus exquirat—quo scilicet impete fauces  
Invitæ disjungantur ; quo vortice aquosæ  
Particulæ fluitent, comitesque ut fulminis imbres,  
Cum strepitu erumpant ; ut deinde vaporet ocellos  
Materies subtilis ; ut in cutis insinuet se  
Retia ; tum, si forte datur contingere nervos  
Concordes, cunctorum ora expanduntur hiulca.  
Sicubi, Phœbe pater, fumis chelyn, harmoniamque  
Abstrusam in chordis simul elicis, altera, siquam  
Æqualis tenor aptavit, tremit æmula cantûs,  
Memnoniamque imitata lyram sine pollicis ictu  
Divinum resonat proprio modulamine carmen.

Me quoque, mene tuum tetigisti, ingrata,  
Poetam ?

Hei mihi ! totus hio tibi jam stupefactus, in ipso  
Parnasso captus longè longèque remotas

Prospecto



Explore what secret spring, what hidden cause,  
Distends with hideous chasm th' unwilling jaws,  
How watery particles with wonderous power  
Burst into sound, like thunder with a shower :  
How subtile matter, exquisitely thin,  
Pervades the curious net-work of the skin,  
Affects th' accordant nerves---all eyes are drown'd  
In drowfy vapours, and the yawn goes round.  
When Phœbus thus his flying fingers flings  
Across the chords, and sweeps the quivering strings;  
If e'er a lyre at unison remain,  
Trembling it swells, and emulates the strain :  
Thus Memnon's harp, in ancient times renown'd,  
Express'd, untouch'd, sweet-modulated sound.

But oh ! ungrateful ! to thy own true bard,  
Is this, O Goddess ! this my just reward ?  
Thy drowfy dew upon my head distil,  
Just at the entrance of th' Aonian hill ;  
Listless I yawn, unactive, and supine,  
And at vast distance view the sacred Nine :

Wishful

Prospecto Musas, sitioque, ut Tantalus alter,  
Castalias situs inter aquas, inhiantis ab ore  
Nectarei fugiunt latices—hos Popius urnâ  
Excipit undanti, & fontem sibi vendicat omnem.

Haud aliter Socium esuriens Sizator edacem  
Dum videt, appositusque cibus frustratur hiantem,  
Dentibus infrendens nequicquam lumine torvo  
Sæpius exprobrat; nequicquam brachia tendit  
Sedulus officiosa, dapes remove paratus.  
Olli nunquam exempta fames, quin frustra suprema  
Devoret, & peritura immani ingurgitet ore:  
Tum demum jubet auferri; nudata capaci  
Ossa sonant, lugubre sonant, allisa catino.



Wishful I view Castalia's streams, accurst,  
Like Tantalus, with unextinguish'd thirst;  
The waters fly my lips, my claim disown---  
Pope drinks them deeply, they are all his own.

Thus the lank Sizar views, with gaze aghast,  
The harpy Tutor at his noon's repast;  
In vain his teeth he grinds---oft checks a sigh,  
And darts a silent censure from his eye:  
Now he prepares, officious, to convey  
The lessening relicks of the meal away---  
In vain---no morsel 'scapes the greedy jaw,  
All, all is gorg'd in magisterial maw;  
Till at the last observant of his word,  
The lamentable waiter clears the board,  
And inly-murmuring miserably groans,  
To see the empty dish, and hear the rattling bones.







A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF  
MAY.

FROM  
GAWIN DOUGLAS,  
Bishop of DUNKELD.

Hic Ver purpureum; varios hoc flumina circum  
Fundit humus flores.

VIRG.

Q

TO

DESCRIPTION

M. A. Y.

CRAWFORD

THIRD EDITION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

TO

6

T O

WILLIAM DIXON, Esq;

**W**HILE at your Loversal, secure retreat,  
Far from the vain, the busy, and the great,  
Retirement's calm, yet useful arts you know,  
Bid buildings rise, and future navies grow ;  
Or, by the sacred thirst of learning led,  
Converse familiar with th' Illustrious Dead,  
Worthies of old, who life by arts refin'd,  
Taught wholesome laws, and humaniz'd mankind:  
Can my friend listen to this flowery lay,  
Where splendid Douglas paints the blooming May?  
If aught these lines thy candid ear engage,  
The muse shall learn to moralize the page,  
Give modest merit the reward that's due,  
And place the interests of mankind in view,  
Form tender minds by virtue's better lore,  
And teach old infidels to doubt no more.  
To thee this verse belongs ; and may it prove  
An earnest of my gratitude and love.

Q 2

THE

THE  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HE following poem of GAWIN DOUGLAS is prefixed to the XIIth book of his translation of VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*, and entitled, "Ane singular lernit Proloug of the Discription of "May;" and is now publish'd, as a proof, that the muses had visited Great Britain, and the flowers of poetry began to bloom 250 years ago. It may also serve as an instance, that the lowland Scotch language, and the English, at that time were nearly the same. CHAUCER and DOUGLAS may be look'd upon as the two bright stars that illumin'd England and Scotland, after a dark interval of dulness, a long night of ignorance and superstition, and foretold the return of day, and the revival of learning.

This Description of May is extremely picturesque and elegant, and esteemed to be one of the most splendid descriptions of that month that has appeared in print; which is all the apology I shall make for having given it a more modern dress.

The old Scotch is printed exactly after the Edinburgh edition, which was published in the year 1710.



SOME  
A C C O U N T  
O F  
G A W I N D O U G L A S.

**G**AWIN DOUGLAS, bishop of Dunkeld, was nobly descended, being a son of the illustrious family of Angus. His father was Archibald, the sixth earl of Angus: he married Elizabeth, daughter to Robert Boyd, (who was chancellor and one of the governors of the kingdom of Scotland, A. D. 1468) by whom he had issue four sons, George, William, Gawin, and Archibald. The two eldest, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas, were killed in the battle of Flodden.

Our author was born the latter end of the year 1474, or the beginning of 1475. Great care was taken of his education, and he was early in-

structed in the liberal arts and sciences. When he had completed his studies in his own country, he went abroad, that he might farther improve himself by conversation with great and learned men, and observations on the laws and customs of other countries. Upon his return to Scotland, he was advanced to be provost of the collegiate church of St. Giles in Edinburgh, and rector of Heriot church, some few miles distant from it. In this station he continued several years, behaving himself as became his holy character, noble birth, and liberal education. After the battle of Flodden many ecclesiastical dignities became vacant; among which was the abbacy of Aberbrothock, one of the most considerable in the kingdom. The queen mother, who was then regent, and shortly after married to the earl of Angus, our author's nephew, presented him to it; and soon after to the archbishopric of St. Andrews. But he met with so great opposition in this affair, that neither the royal authority, nor the influence of his noble relations, nor his own unexceptionable merit, were able to procure him peaceable possession:

for

for Andrew Forman (bishop of Murray, and archbishop of Bourges in France) by the interest he had in the court of Rome, and the duke of Albany, obtained a bull from the pope for that dignity, and was accordingly acknowledged as archbishop by most of the clergy of the see. Mr. Douglas, reflecting on the scandals which arose from such unworthy contests, and preferring the honour of a Christian, and peaceable disposition to his temporal interest and greatness, wholly laid aside his pretensions to that see. But the bishopric of Dunkeld becoming vacant, in January 1515, the queen advanced him to it; and afterwards, by the intercession of Henry VIII. king of England, obtained a bull in his favour from pope Leo X. Notwithstanding his right was founded on the royal and papal authority, yet he could not obtain consecration for a considerable time, because of a powerful competitor; for Andrew Stuart, prebendary of Craig, and brother to the earl of Athole, had got himself nominated bishop by such of the chapter as were present; and his title was supported by all the enemies of the queen and her husband the

earl of Angus, particularly the duke of Albany, who returning to Scotland in May 1515, was declared regent. In the first session of parliament after the governor's arrival, Mr. Douglas was accused, on some groundless pretext or other, of acting contrary to the laws of the nation, was pronounced guilty, and committed to the castle of St. Andrews, and imprison'd upwards of a year, till the governor was reconciled to the queen and the earl of Angus: then he was set at liberty, received into the favour of the regent, and consecrated bishop at Glasgow. Notwithstanding, his troubles were not yet at an end; for his old antagonist, Andrew Stuart, had possessed himself of the palace of Dunkeld, and seemed resolved to defend it against the bishop by force of arms: however, at last it was yielded up, without any bloodshed; which was very acceptable to the good bishop, who was of a gentle and merciful disposition, and always regulated himself by the excellent laws of the Christian religion.

Being at last put in peaceable possession of his office, he resolved to give himself wholly to the faithful



faithful discharge of his duty : but the interest of his country would not permit him long to satisfy his own inclinations ; for he was pitched upon to attend the duke of Albany into France, to renew the antient league between the two nations : however, he soon returned to Edinburgh, with a joyful account of the confirmation of the league ; and thence repaired to his diocese, and applied himself to the duties of his function.

But several unhappy divisions being soon after fomented in Scotland, and the bishop of Dunkeld perceiving the violent aversion which the court had conceived against the family of Angus, and the danger he was exposed to on that account, resolved to retire into England till the storm was blown over. This happened at a time when the king of England had just declared war against the Scots ; which gave his enemies at home, who were the prevailing party at court, an opportunity to endeavour his ruin. A proclamation was soon issued out against him, he was declared an enemy to his country, the revenues of his bishopric were sequestered, and all correspondence with him was forbid.

Soon

Soon after his coming to London, it pleased God to put an end to the persecutions of his enemies, by taking him to himself. Most authors agree that he died of the plague, which then raged in the city, in April 1522, about the forty-eighth year of his age. He was buried in the hospital-church of the Savoy, on the left side of the tomb-stone of Thomas Halfay, bishop of Leighlin in Ireland. In Weever's antient monuments, we find this inscription for them both. *Hic jacet Tho. Halfay Leighlinen. Episcopus, in Basilica St. Petri Romæ nationis Anglicorum Pœnitentiarius, summæ probitatis vir, qui hoc solum post se reliquit; vixit, dum vixit, bene. Cui. lævus. conditur. Gawinus. Douglas. Scotus. Dunkelden. Præsul. Patria. sua. exul. 1522.*

Such was the fate of this great genius and good man; for whose elogy, as a poet, I shall refer the reader to his works, which are very eloquent in his praise; and out of several testimonies of eminent men that might be produced in his favour, shall only transcribe this passage from Hume's History of the Douglassies, p. 220.

" G. Douglass left behind him great approbation of his virtues, and love of his person,

in

in the hearts of all good men ; for besides the nobility of his birth, the dignity and comeliness of his personage, he was learned, temperate, and of singular moderation of mind ; and in those turbulent times had always carried himself among the factions of the nobility equally, and with a mind to make peace, and not to stir up parties."

His chief works are, his translation of *Virgil's Æneis*, *the Palice of Honour*, a Poem, *Aureæ narrationes*, *Comædiæ aliquot sacræ*, & *de rebus Scoticis Liber*.

# GAWIN DOUGLAS

His singular lernit

## PROLOG

OF THE

DISCRIPTION of MAY.

**D**IONEIA, nycht hird, and wache of day,  
The sternes chafit of the heuin away,  
Dame Cynthia doun rolling in the seye,  
And Venus loist the bewte of hir eye,  
Fleand eschamet within Cyllenius caue,  
Mars umbedrew from all his grundin glaue,  
Nor frawart Saturne from his mortall spere  
Durst langare in the firmament appere,  
Bot stal abak zound in his regioun far,  
Behind the circulate world of Jupiter;  
Nyctimene effrayit of the lycht  
Went under couert, for gone was the nycht;

As



L

A

DESCRIPTION of MAY.

BY  
GAWIN DOUGLAS,  
Bishop of DUNKELD.

MODERNIZED.

VENUS, bright beam of night, and watch  
of day,

Had chas'd the lingering stars of heaven away,  
Driven to the deep pale Cynthia from the sky,  
And lost herself the beauty of her eye ;  
With Mercury she sought the secret shade,  
And Mars withdrew, for all his burning blade ;  
Nor gloomy Saturn, rolling in his sphere,  
Durst longer in the firmament appear,  
But vanish'd far from ken of mortals, far  
Beyond great Jupiter's imperial star.  
The screech-owl, startled at the dawning light,  
Wing'd to her bower her solitary flight :

For

# GAWIN DOUGLAS

His singlar lernit

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### DISCRIPTION of MAY.

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The screech-owl, startled at the dawning light,

Wing'd to her bower her solitary flight :

For

238 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

As fresche Aurora, to mychty Tithone spous,  
 Ischit of her safferon bed and euyr hous,  
 In crammesye clede and granit violate,  
 With sanguyne cape, and seluage purpurate,  
 Unschet the wyndoys of hir large hall,  
 Spred all with rosis, and full of balme riall,  
 And eik the heuinly portis christallyne  
 Upwarpis brade, the warlde till illumyne;  
 The twynkling stremouris of the orient  
 Sched pourpour sprayngis with gold and asurement,  
 Persand the fabil barmkin nocturnall,  
 Bet down the skyes cloudy mantil wall;  
 Eous the stede, with ruby hammys rede,  
 Abuse the feyis listis furth his hede,  
 Of culloure fore, and sume dele broune as bery,  
 For to alichtin and glad our emispery,  
 The flambe out brastin at the neifs thirlis,  
 So fast \* Phaeton with the quihip him quhirlis,

\* This confusion of Phœbus and Phaeton is an error which  
 several old English writers have fallen into.



DESCRIPTION of MAY. 239

For fresh Aurora, Tithon's splendid spouse,  
Rose from her saffron bed, and left her ivory house;  
Her violet robe was stain'd with crimson hue,  
The cape vermilion, and the border blue;  
Her hands the windows of her hall unbarr'd,  
Spread all with roses, and perfum'd with nard:  
The crystal gates of heaven expanded wide  
Pour'd streams of splendor in an ample tide:  
The beaming orient, beauteous to behold,  
Shed purple rays, and azure mix'd with gold,  
Dispersing with all-penetrating light  
The solid gloom of cloud-envelop'd night.  
The Sun's gay couriers, in their harness red,  
Above the billowy ocean's boundless bed  
Rais'd high their heads, impetuous in career,  
To give the light, and glad our hemisphere.  
So fast they scour'd, that from their nostrils came  
A cloud of smoke, and streams of living flame,

Fir'd

240 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

To roll Apollo his faderis goldin chare,  
 That schrouddith all the heuynnys and the are;  
 Quhil schortlie with the blesand torche of day,  
 Abulzeit in his lemand freche array,  
 Furth of his palice riall ischit Phebus,  
 With goldin croun and visage glorius,  
 Crisp haris, bricht as chrissolite or thopas,  
 For quhais hew mycht nane behald his face  
 The fyrie sparkis braisting from his ene,  
 To purge the are, and gilt the tendir grene,  
 Defoundand from his sege etheriall  
 Glade influent aspectis celicall,  
 Before his regal hie magnificence  
 Mysty vapoure vpspringand swete as fence,  
 In smoky soppis of donk dewis wak,  
 With hailsum stouis ouerheiland the slak,  
 The auriate phanis of his trone fouerane  
 With glitterand glance ouerspred the octiane,  
 The large fludis lemand all of licht,  
 Bot with ene blenk of his supernale sicht;

For

DESCRIPTION of MAY. 241

Fir'd by the whirling whip their round to run,  
And roll the golden chariot of the sun.

While shortly with the blazing torch of day,  
Forth from his royal hall in fresh array,

Sprung Phœbus, by his flaming mantle known,  
His glorious visage, and his golden crown;

His glossy locks were as the topaz bright,

His radiance beam'd intolerable light;

His eye-balls sparkled with celestial sheen,

To purge the air, and gild the tender green,

Diffusing from the brightness of his brow,

Ethereal mildness on the world below.

Before the king of day thin vapours rose,

Like clouds of incense, and as sweet as those,

(The dewy tribute which the meads exhale)

Curling they rose, and hover'd o'er the vale.

The golden splendor of his glorious beams

Glanc'd on the floods, and glitter'd in the streams,

And all the ocean shone serenely bright,

With the first glimpse of his supernal sight.

R

How

242 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

For to behald it was ane glorie to se,  
 The stabyllt wyndys, and the calmyt se,  
 The soft fessoun, the firmament ferene,  
 The loune illuminate are, and firth amene,  
 The siluer scalit fyschis on the grete,  
 Ouerthowrt clere stremes sprinkilland for the hete,  
 With fynnyis schinand broun as synopare,  
 And chesal talis, stourand here and thare;  
 The new cullour alichting all the landis  
 Forgane the stanryis schene, and berial strandis:  
 Quhil the reflex of the diurnal bemes  
 The bene bonkis keft full of variant glemes:  
 And lusty Flora did hir blomes sprede  
 Under the fete of Phebus fulzeart stede:  
 The swardit soyll enbrode with selkouth hewis,  
 Wod and forest obumbrate with the bewis,  
 Quhais blysfyl branchis porturate on the ground  
 With schaddois schene shew rochis rubicund,  
 Towris, turettis, kirnalis, and pynnakillis hie  
 Of kirkis, castellis, and ilk faire ciete,

Stude



DESCRIPTION of MAY. 243

How calm! how still! how pleasing to behold  
The sea's broad bosom where no billows roll'd!  
The season soft, the firmament serene,  
Th' illumin'd landscape, and the watry scene!  
Where sportive fish display'd their silver pride,  
Quick glancing on the surface of the tide,  
By ruffet fins impell'd from shore to shore,  
Their tail the rudder, and their fin the oar.  
New lustre gilded all the rising lands,  
The stony hillocks, and the beryl strands;  
While the reflection of the glowing beams  
Play'd on the banks in variegated gleams.  
Where-e'er Apollo's radiant coursers went,  
Sprung flowers unnumber'd of delicious scent;  
Earth's flourish'd carpet various hues display'd,  
And wood and forest wore a fuller shade,  
Whose beauteous branches, chequer'd on the green,  
Imbrown'd the rigid rocks that rose between:  
Tow'rs, battlements, and castles huge and high,  
Turrets, and spires that mingle with the sky,

244 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

Stude payntit, euery fane, phioll and stage  
 Apoun the plane ground, by their awin umbrage:  
 Of Eolus north blastis hauand na drede,  
 The fulze spred hir brade bosum on brede,  
 Zephyrus confortabill inspiratioun .  
 For tyll ressaue law in hir barne adoun :  
 The cornis croppis, and the bere new brede  
 Wyth gladesum garmont reuesting the erd ;  
 So thyk the plantis sprang in euery pete,  
 The feildis ferlyis of their fructuous flete :  
 Byssy dame Ceres, and proude Priapus  
 Reiofing of the planis plentuous,  
 Plennyft so plesand, and maist propirly  
 By nature nuriffit wounder tendirly,  
 Plennast so plesand, and maist propirly  
 By nature nuriffit wounder tendirly,  
 On the fertyl skyrt lappis of the ground  
 Strekind on brede under the cyrkil round :  
 The varyant vesture of the venust vale  
 Schrowdis the scherand fur, and euery fale

\* Ouerfrett

DESCRIPTION of MAY: 245

And every dome, and pinnacle, and fane,  
By their own shade stood figur'd on the plain.  
The glebe, now fearless of the North's keen air,  
To buxom Zephyr spread her bosom bare,  
With genial warmth her fertile lap to cheer,  
And fill her with the plenty of the year.  
Fresh springing corn enlivened all the scene,  
And cloath'd the country with a robe of green :  
And plants so numerous open'd to the view,  
The fields rejoicing wonder'd how they grew.  
With joy the Goddess of the golden grain,  
And proud Priapus ey'd the pregnant plain ;  
Where fruitful nature wak'd her genial power,  
And rear'd, and foster'd every herb and flower :  
The fair creation swell'd upon the eye ;  
Earth was their bed, their canopy the sky.  
A varied verdure rob'd the vales around,  
And spread luxuriant o'er the furrow'd ground :

246 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

\* Ouerfrett with fulzeis, and fyguris ful dyuers,  
 The pray bysprent with spryngand sproutis dyspers,  
 For callour humours on the dewy nyght,  
 Rendryng sum place the gyrs pylis thare licht,  
 Als fer as catal the lang somerys day  
 Had in thare pasture ete and gnyp away :  
 And blyssful blossomys in the blomyt zard  
 Submittis thare hedys in the zoung sonnys safgard :  
 Iue leius rank ouerspred the barmkyn wall,  
 The blomit hauthorne cled his pykis all,  
 Furth of fresche burgeouns the wyne grapis zing  
 Endlang the trazileys dyd on twistis hing,  
 The loukit buttouns on the gemyt treis  
 Ouerspredand leuis of naturis tapestryis.

Soft

\* It is evident our author intends to describe two distinct things, viz. cornfields, and meadows or pasture-lands, the former in the three first lines, *the varyant vesture*, &c.—— is plainly arable, and the *fulzeis and fyguris full dyuers*, are the various leaves and flowers of the weeds growing among the corn, and making a piece of embroidery. And here the description



DESCRIPTION of MAY. 247

And flowery weeds, that grew profuse between  
 The barley-lands, diversified the scene.  
 The silver springs, that thro' the meadows flow'd  
 In many a rill, fertility bestow'd ;  
 And where the humid night's restoring dew  
 Dropt on the ground the bladed herbage grew,  
 As fast as cattle the long summer's day  
 Had cropt the grassy sustenance away.  
 A bloom diffusive o'er the gardens run,  
 Confiding in the safeguard of the sun :  
 Wreath'd ivy-mantled round the lofty tower ;  
 And hawthorn-hedges whiten'd into flower.  
 The fresh-form'd grapes in little clusters hung ;  
 Close to their props the curling tendrils clung.  
 The buds, that swell'd in gems on every tree,  
 Burst into foliage, nature's tapestry.

scription of cornfields ends, and that of pasture-lands begins at,  
*The pray byspret, &c.* *Pray*, not as the glossary to G. Douglas  
 says, *corruptedly for spray*, but formed from the Lat. *Pratum*,  
 and *Spryng* and *Sproutis*, rising springs, from the Ital. *spruzzare*,  
*spruzzolare, aspergere.*

248 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

Soft gresy verdoure eftir balmy Ichouris,  
 On curland stalkis smyland to thare flowris:  
 Behaldand thame fa mony divers hew  
 Sum piers, sum pale, sum burnet, and sum blew,  
 Sum gres, sum gowlis, sum purpure, sum fanguane,  
 Blanchit or broun, fauch zallow mony ane,  
 Sum heuinly colourit in celestial gre,  
 Sum watty hewit as the haw wally fe,  
 And sum departe in freklis rede and quhyte,  
 Sum bricht as gold with aureate leuis lyte.  
 The dasy did on brede hir crownel smale,  
 And euery flour unlappit in the dale,  
 In battil gers burgeouns, the banwart wyld,  
 The claur, catcluke, and the cammomyld;  
 The flourdelyce furth sprede his heuynly hew,  
 Floure damas, and columbe blak and blew,  
 Sere downis smal on dentiljoun sprang,  
 The zoung grene blomit strabery leus amang,  
 Gimp jereflouris \* thareon leuis unschet,  
 Fresche prymrois, and the pourpour violet,

\* Probably Gawin Douglas wrote *thare awin*. Vide ver.  
 72. *thare awin umbrage*.

DESCRIPTION of MAY. 249

Lo! by soft zephyrs wak'd, and gentle showers,  
On bending stalks smile voluntary flowers,  
Trick'd off in vast variety of hue,  
Some red, pale, purple, yellow, brown or blue;  
Some brightly ting'd in heaven's ethereal stain,  
And some cerulean, like the watry main,  
Some crimson-colour'd fairly fleckt with white,  
Some gold that gayly glitter'd in the light.  
The daisy did its coronet unveil,  
And every flower unfolded in the dale;  
Rank sprung salubrious herbs, and every weed,  
And clover bloom'd luxuriant in the mead:  
The flow'r-de-luce abroad its beauty spread,  
And columbine advanc'd his purple head:  
From dandelion flew the seeded down,  
And strawb'ry beds bore wild weeds, not their own.  
Carnations glow'd in gayly-mingled hue;  
Pale was the primrose, and the violet blue.

Its

250 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

The rois knoppis, tetand furth thare hede,  
 Gan chyp, and kyth thare vernale lippis rede,  
 Crysp skarlet leuis sum scheddand baith attanis,  
 † Kest fragrant smel amyd fra goldin granis,  
 Heuinlie lyllyis, with lokkerand toppis quhyte,  
 Opynnit and schew thare creiftis redemyte,  
 The balmy vapour from thare sylkyn croppis  
 Distilland halesum sugurat hony droppis,  
 And sylver schakeris gan fra leuis hing,  
 With chrystal sprayngis on the verdure zing :  
 The plane pouderit with semelie seitis found,  
 Bedyit ful of dewy peirlys round ;  
 So that ilk burgeon, syon, herbe, or floure,  
 Wox all enbalmit of the fresche liquour,

And

† It is observable, that Gawin Douglas never once mentions the scent of flowers till he comes to the rose, and never at all the scent of any particular flower, except the rose, not even of the lilly ; for I take it, the words, *from thare sylkyn croppis*, are meant to describe the flowers in general ; and *the balmy vapour* to be the same with the *fresche liquour*, and *the dulce*



## DESCRIPTION of MAY. 251

Its velvet lips the bashful rose begun  
 To shew, and catch the kisses of the sun;  
 Some fuller blown their crimson honours shed;  
 Sweet smelt the golden chives that grac'd their head,  
 Queen of the field, in milkwhite mantle drest,  
 The lovely lilly wav'd her curling crest.  
 From every flower ambrosial sweets distill'd,  
 Ambrosial sweets the ambient ether fill'd.  
 Dew-drops like diamonds hung on every tree,  
 And sprinkled silvery lustre o'er the lea,  
 And all the verdurous herbage of the ground  
 Was deck'd with pearls which cast a splendor round.  
 The flowers, the buds, and every plant that grew,  
 Sipt the fresh fragrance of the morning dew:

*dulce humours* Quare of the beis wrocht thare bony swete, an exhalation distinct from that which causes the scent; and *redolent odour*, is general; for he certainly means to close his description of the vegetable world, (and he does it nobly) by one universal cloud of fragrance from all nature.

In

252 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

And baithit hait did in dulce humouris flete,  
 Quhareof the beis wrocht thare hony swete,  
 Be mychty Phebus operationis,  
 In fappy subtell exhalatiouns :  
 Forgane the cummyn of this prynce potent,  
 Redolent odour up from the rutis sprent,  
 Halefum of smel as ony fyne potioun,  
 Must, myr, aloyes, or confection.  
 Ane paradise it femyt to draw nere  
 Their galzeard gardingis, and eik grene herbere :  
 Mayst amyabil waxis the emerant medis.  
 Swannis fouchis throw out the respand redis,  
 Ouer all the lochis and the fludis gray,  
 Serfand by kynd ane place quhare they fuld lay  
 † Phebus rede foule his curale creist can stere,  
 Oft strekand furth his hekkil crawand clere  
 Amyd the wortis, and the rutis gent,  
 Pickland hys mete in alayis quhare he went,

His

† That Milton had his eye upon this passage, is plain from his describing the swan, the cock, and peacock, in the order and with several of the attributes that our author has given them. *Vid.* b. 7. v. 438, &c.

In every plant the liquid nectar flow'd,  
 In every bud, and every flower that blow'd;  
 Here rov'd the busy bees without controul,  
 Robb'd the sweet bloom, and suck'd its balmy soul.  
 To greet the God, from earth's fair bosom flow'd  
 All nature's incense in a fragrant cloud,  
 More grateful far than these gross fumes impart,  
 Which torturing fires extract by chymic art.  
 Like paradise appear'd each blissful scene  
 Of purple gardens, and enclosures green,  
 Of bloomy hedges, and of waving woods,  
 Of flowery meads, and rusby-fringed floods:  
 Where silver swans, with snowy pride elate,  
 Their tall necks mantling, sail'd along in state,  
 By instinct taught their ozier nests to make  
 On the dank margin of the lucid lake.  
 Brisk Chanticleer wav'd high his coral crest,  
 And crowing clapt his pinions to his breast;  
 With orient heel he lightly spurn'd the ground,  
 And chuck'd for joy at every corn he found;

And

254      DESCRIPTION of MAY.

His wyffis Toppa and Partolet hym by,  
 As bird al tyme that hantis bygamy;  
 The payntit powne payfand with plumys gym,  
 Keft up his tale ane proud plesand quhile rym,  
 Ifchrowdit in his fedderane bricht and fchene,  
 Schapand the prent of Argois hundreth ene;  
 Among the bronys of the olyue twiftis,  
 Sere fmale floulis, wirkand crafty nestis,  
 Endlang the hedgeis thik, and on rank akis  
 Ilk bird reiofand with thare mirthful makis:  
 In corneris and clere fenesteris of glas  
 Full befely Arachne weuand was,  
 To knyt hyr nettisand hyr wobbis fle,  
 Tharewith to cauch the litil mige or fle:  
 Under the bewis bene in fufely valis,  
 Within fermance and parkis clois of palis,

The



DESCRIPTION of MAY. 255

And as he strutted on in gallant pride,  
Two wives obsequious waited at his side;  
For cocks, that couple with their nearest kin,  
Hold bygamy a pardonable sin.  
The peacock proudly pac'd upon the plain,  
And like a circle bent his gaudy train,  
Where vivid colours brightly-beaming strove;  
He seem'd beneath a canopy to move:  
His starry plumes reflected various dyes,  
Resembling Argus with his hundred eyes.  
Where leafy branches form'd a secret shade  
The painted birds their cunning fabricks made,  
Or on the oak, or implicated thorn,  
And wanton'd in the beauty of the morn.  
Her wary stand the watchful spider took  
In the glass window, or some gloomy nook,  
There wove her web, in filmy texture fly,  
To captivate the little gnat, or fly.  
Beneath the trees that screen the lovely vale,  
Within the limits of the fencing pale,

March

256 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

The buftuous bukkis rakis furth on raw,  
 Heirdis of hertis throw the thyck wod fchaw,  
 The zoung fownys followand the dun days,  
 Kiddis skipband throw ronnys eftir rais,  
 In lefuris and on lewis litill lammes  
 Full tait and trig focht bletand to thare dammes.  
 On falt ftremes wolk Dorida and Thetis,  
 By rynnand ftlandis, nymphs and naiades,  
 Sic as we clepe wenshis and damyffellis,  
 In gerfy grauis wanderand by fpring wellis,  
 Of blomed branchis and flouris quhyte and rede  
 Plettand their lufly chaplettis for thare hiede :  
 Sum fang ring fangis, dancis, ledis, and roundis,  
 With vocis fchil, quhil all the dale refoundis ;  
 And thochtful luffaris rownyis to and fro,  
 To leis thare pane, and plene thare joly wo,  
 Eftir thare gife, now fingand, now in forow,  
 With hertis penſue, the lang ſomeris morow :

Sum

DESCRIPTION of MAY. 257

March nimble-footed deer in rank array'd,  
Or seek the shelter of the green-wood shade :  
Young kids, light skipping, and the timorous fawns  
Brush thro' the copse, and bound along the lawns :  
While in fresh pastures or on fallows gray  
Lambs nibble in the wantonness of play.

Emerging from their coral-paven cave  
Thetis and Doris walk upon the wave,  
But stream-presiding nymphs, and naiads trim,  
By the clear current, or the fountain's brim,  
Such as we name our gentle maids that rove  
By waters welling in the grassy grove,  
Culling green boughs, and bells, and flowerets fair,  
And weaving garlands for their golden hair ;  
Some sweetly sing, some lead the festive round ;  
The distant dales re-echoe to the sound :  
And thoughtful lovers to the winds complain,  
To mitigate the madness of their pain ;  
Now warbling madrigals so light and gay,  
Now pale and pensive the long summer's day ;

S

Some

258 DESCRIPTION of MAY.

Sum ballettis list endite of his lady,  
 Sum leuis in hope, and sum alluterly  
 Disparit is, and sa quyte out of grace,  
 Hys purgatory he fyndis in euery place.  
 \*\*\* new curage kitillis all gentil hertis,  
 Seand throw kynd ilk thing spryngis and reuertis :  
 Dame naturis menstrualis on that uthyr parte,  
 Thare blisful bay intonyng euery arte,  
 To bete thare amouris of thare nychtis bale,  
 The merle, the mauys, and the nychtingale,  
 With mirry notis myrthfully furth brist,  
 Enforfing thaym quha micht do clink it best :  
 The kowfchot croud is and pykkis on the ryfe,  
 The stirling changis diuers steuynnys nyfe,  
 The sparrow chirmis in the wallis clyft,  
 Goldspink and lintquhite fordynnand the lyft,  
 The gukkow galis, and so quhitteris the quale,  
 Quhil ryveris reirdit, schawis, and euery dale,  
 And tendir twiftis trymblyt on the treis,  
 For birdis sang, and bemyng of the beis,

In



DESCRIPTION of MAY. 259

Some write in high heroics to the fair,  
Some live in hope, and some thro' sad despair  
In every place a purgatory find ;  
Such is the moody genius of their mind.

All gentle hearts confess the quickening spring,  
For May invigorates every living thing.

Hark ! how the merry minstrels of the grove  
Devote the day to melody and love ;  
The ouzle shrill, that haunts the thorny dale,  
The mellow thrush, the love-lorn nightingale ;  
Their little breasts with emulation swell,  
And sweetly strive in singing to excell.  
In the thick forest feeds the cooing dove ;  
The starling whistles various notes of love :  
The sparrow chirps, the clefted walls among ;  
To the sweet wildness of the linnet's song,  
To the harsh cuckoo, and the twittering quail  
Resounds the wood, the river, and the vale ;  
And tender twigs, all trembling on the trees,  
Dance to the murmuring music of the bees.

260 DESCRIPTION of MAY. .

In werblis dulce of heuinlie armonyis,  
 The larkis loude releifchand in the fkyis,  
 Louis thare lege with tonys curious ;  
 Bayth to dame Natur, and the frefche Venus,  
 Rendring hie laudis in thare obferuance,  
 Quhais fuggourit throttis made glade hartis dance,  
 And al smal foulis fingis on the fpray ;

Welcum the lord of licht, and lampe of day,  
 Welcum fosterare of tendir herbis grene,  
 Welcum quhikkynnar of flurift flouris fchene,  
 Welcum fupport of euery rute and vane,  
 Welcum confort of al kind frute and grane,  
 Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere,  
 Welcum maifter and reulare of the zere,  
 Welcum welefare of husbandis at the plewis,  
 Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis,  
 Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis,  
 Welcum the lyffe of euery thing that fpredis,  
 Welcum ftorare of all kynd beftial,  
 Welcum be thy bricht bemes gladand al.



DESCRIPTION of MAY: 261

Upspring the airy larks, shrill-voic'd and loud,  
And breathe their mattins from a morning cloud,  
To greet glad Nature, and the God of day,  
And flowery Venus, blooming queen of May;  
The songs of praise their tuneful breasts employ,  
Charm every ear, and wrap the soul in joy.

Thus sung the sweet musicians on the spray;

    Welcome, thou Lord of light, and lamp of day;  
Welcome to tender herbs, and myrtle bowers,  
Welcome to plants, and odour-breathing flowers;  
Welcome to every root upon the plain,  
Welcome to gardens, and the golden grain:  
Welcome to birds that build upon the breere,  
Welcome, great Lord and Ruler of the year:  
Welcome, thou Source of universal good,  
Of buds to boughs, and beauty to the wood:  
Welcome, bright Phœbus, whose prolific power  
In every meadow spreads out every flower;  
Where-e'er thy beams in mild effulgence play,  
Kind Nature smiles, and all the world is gay.



RECEIVED



L

A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF  
WINTER.

FROM  
GAWIN DOUGLAS,  
Bishop of DUNKELD.

Bruma recurrit iners.

HOR.

S 4

TO

DESCRIPTION

WINTER

GAWIN DOUGLAS

FROM THE

TO

GAWIN DOUGLAS

TO THE

M E M O R Y

Of my late

INGENIOUS AND LEARNED FRIEND,

AND SCHOOLMASTER,

The Rev. JOHN LISTER, A. M.

The following P O E M is, with a just Sense of  
GRATITUDE, inscribed.

# GAWIN DOUGLAS

His eloquent

## DISCRIPTION of WYNTER,

Wyth hys grete STORMES and TEMPESTIS.

**A**S bricht Phebus schene scuerane heuinnis E  
The opposit held of his chymes hie,  
Clere schynand bemes, and goldin funeris hew  
In lattoun cullour altering all of new,  
Kything no signe of heit be his vissage,  
So nere approchit he his wynter stage  
Reddy he was to enter the thrid morne  
In cludy skyes under Capricorne :  
All thought he be the lampe and hert of heuin,  
Forfeblit wox his lemand gilty leuin,

Throw



A  
DESCRIPTION of WINTER.

BY  
GAWIN DOUGLAS,

Bishop of DUNKELD.

MODERNIZED.

NOW had fair Phœbus, Heav'n's illustrious eye,  
Enter'd the wintry regions of the sky ;  
Like burnish'd gold no longer beam'd his sphere,  
So faded was the colour of the year :  
Just at the period of his annual course,  
All faint and feeble grew his vital force,  
Prepar'd to enter, the succeeding morn,  
The dark domain of clouded Capricorn :  
For tho' he sheds sweet influence from on high,  
Lamp of the world, and glory of the sky,

In

268 DESCRIPTION of WINTER.

Throw the declynyng of his large round spere,

The frosty regioun ryngis of the zere,

The tyme and seffoun bitter, cauld and pale,

The schort dayis, that clerkis clepe Brumale:

Quhen brym blastis of the northyn art

Ouerquhelmyt had Neptunus in his cart,

And all to schaik the leuys of the treis,

The rageand stormes ouerwelterand wally feis,

Ryueris ran rede on spate with wattir broun,

And burnis harlis all thare bankis down,

And landbirft rumbland rudely with sic bere,

Sa loud neuir rummyft wyld lyoun nor bere;

Fludis monstouris, sic as mereswynis and quhalis

For the tempest law in the deep deualis:

Mars occident retrograde in his spere,

Prouocand stryffe, regnit as lord that zere.

Rany Orioun with his stormy face

Bywauit oft the schipman by hys race:

Frawart

DESCRIPTION of WINTER. 1269

In weeping Winter, when his orb declines,  
Languid he looks, and wan and watry shines.  
Now reign'd the power of keen congealing frost,  
When all the beauty of the year is lost;  
The Brumal season, bitter, cold, and pale,  
When short dull days, and sounding storms prevail.  
The wild north wind, tremendous from afar,  
O'erwhelm'd imperial Neptune in his carr,  
Their scatter'd honours from the forests tore,  
And dash'd the mad waves headlong on the shore.  
Fierce, foaming rivers, swell'd with torrents brown,  
Hurl'd all their banks precipitately down;  
Loud roar'd the thunder of the raging floods,  
Loud as gaunt lions bellowing shake the woods.  
Th' unwieldy monsters which the deeps contain,  
Sought safety at the bottom of the main.  
Strife-stirring Mars, regressive in his sphere,  
Sustain'd the cold dominions of the year;  
And black Orion dimm'd the face of day,  
Leading the luckless mariner astray.

Saturn,

470 DESCRIPTION of WINTER.

Frawart Saturne, chil of complexioun,  
 Throw quhais aspect darth and infectioun  
 Bene causit oft and mortall pestilence,  
 Went progressiue the greis of his ascence :  
 And lusty Hebe Junois dochter gay,  
 Stude spulzete of hir office and array :  
 The sole yfowpit in to wattir wak,  
 The firmament ouercast with cludis blak :  
 The ground fadit, and fauch wox al the feildis,  
 Mountane toppis flekit with snaw ouer heildis :  
 On raggit rolkis of hard harsk quhyn stane,  
 Wlth frosyn frontis cald clynty clewis schane :  
 Bewty was loist, and barrand schew the landis,  
 With frostis hare ouerfret the feildis standis.  
 Sere birtir bubbis and the schoutis snell  
 Semyt on the swarde in similitude of hell,  
 Reducing to our mynde in euery stede  
 Goufty schaddois of eild and grisly dede :  
 Thik drumly skuggis dirkinnit so the heuin,  
 Dym skyis oft furth warpit fereful leuin,

Flaggis



DESCRIPTION of WINTER. 271

Saturn, whose boding aspect, chill and wan,  
Frowns in dread vengeance on the race of man,  
Denouncing dearth, and desolating pest,  
Held high his course progressive in the east ;  
And blooming Hebe, Juno's daughter gay,  
Was ravish'd of her beautiful array.  
Incessant rains had drench'd the floated ground,  
And clouds o'ercaст the firmament around :  
White shone the hills involv'd in silver snow,  
But brown and barren were the vales below :  
On firm foundations of eternal stone  
High rugged rocks in frosty splendor shone ;  
The hoary fields no vivid verdure wore,  
Frost warpt the world, and beauty was no more.  
Wide-wasting winds that chill'd the dreary day,  
And seemed to threaten Nature with decay,  
Reminded man, at every baleful breath,  
Of wintry age, and all-subduing death.  
Horrific gloom deform'd the turbid air,  
And livid lightning shot a dismal glare :

Above

272 DESCRIPTION of WINTER.

Flaggis of fyre, and mony felloun flaw,  
 Scharp foppis of sleit, and of the snyppand snaw :  
 The dolly dikis war al donk and wate,  
 The law valis flodderit all wyth spate,  
 The plane stretis and euery hie way  
 Full of flusчис, dubbis, myre and clay,  
 Laggerit lewis wallowit fernis schew,  
 Broun muris kythit thare wyssinyt mossy hew,  
 Bank, bray and boddum blanschit wox and bare ;  
 For gourl weddir growit beistis hare,  
 The wynd maid waif the rede wede on the dyk;  
 Bedowin in bonkis depe was euery fike :  
 Ouer craggis and the frontis of roчис sere  
 Hang grete yse schokkillis lang as ony spere :  
 The grund stude barrane, widderit, dosk and gray,  
 Herbis, flouris, and gerffis wallowit away :  
 Woddis, forestis with naket bewis blout  
 Stude stripit of thare wede in euery hout :  
 Sa bustoufflie Boreas his bugill blew,  
 The dere full derne doun in the dalis drew :

Small

DESCRIPTION of WINTER. 273

Above pale meteors gleam'd, and all below  
Was one bleak scene of drizzling fleet and snow.  
The hollow ditches, swell'd with sudden rains,  
Pour'd a black deluge on the lowland plains,  
And every road receiv'd the sordid flood,  
Swam with the swell, or stiffen'd into mud.  
Fern on the fallows wither'd as it grew,  
And brown heaths bore a mossy-colour'd hue ;  
Bare were the bottoms, and the high hills hoar ;  
The drooping cattle moan'd upon the moor ;  
The red weed waver'd on the breezy dike ;  
Rills in deep channels murmuring roll'd oblique.  
From horrid rocks, that lour'd upon the coast,  
Hung icy spears, the beauteous work of frost.  
Dun was the soil and steril, and decay'd  
Was every flower, and every tender blade ;  
And every wood and wilderness around  
Diffus'd their wither'd honours on the ground.  
So stoutly Boreas his loud bugle blew,  
Down to the dales the trembling deer withdrew :

T

To

274 DISCRIPTION of WINTER.

Small birdis flokand throw thik ronmys thrang,  
In chirmynge, and with cheping changit thare  
fang,

Sekand hidlis and hirnys thame to hyde  
Fra ferefull thuddis of the tempestuus tyde :  
The wattir lynnys rowtis, and euery lynd  
Quhiflit and brayit of the fouchand wynd :

Pure labouraris and byssy husband men  
Went weet and wery draglit in the fen :  
The cilly schepe and thare litill hird gromes  
Lurkis vnder lye of bankis, woddis and bromes :  
And vtheris dantit greter beistial,  
Within thare stabill sesit in the stall,  
Sic as mulis, hors, oxin or ky,  
Fed tuskit baris, and fat swyne in sty,  
Sustenit war be mannys gouernance  
On heruist, and on fomeris puruiance :  
Widequhare with fors so Eolus schoutis schill  
In this congelit sesoun scharp and chill,

The



DESCRIPTION of WINTER. 275

To thorny thickets flock'd the feather'd throng,  
And pensive plied their melancholy song,  
Or to the shelter of the forest driven,  
Escap'd the windy turbulence of heaven.

Down the rough rock dash'd torrents with harsh  
    found

Rush'd, and impetuous shook the country round:  
The trees, that o'er the mountain's top reclin'd,  
Wav'd their high heads, and murmur'd to the  
    wind.

Industrious peasants, toil-enduring men,  
Went wet and weary, draggled in the fen:  
Beneath the wild broom, or the shelving steep,  
Securely skulk'd the shepherd and his sheep;  
But household animals which man had bred,  
Enjoy'd warm cover, or in stables fed:  
The mule, the horse, the ox, and brindled boar,  
And liv'd at large on summer's golden store.  
The hollow-howling winds, and frost intense,  
Benumb'd man's vigour, and congeal'd the sense;

276 DESCRIPTION of WINTER,

The callour are penetratiue and pure  
 Dasing the blude in euery creature,  
 Maid seik warme stouis and bene fyris hote,  
 In doubil garmont cled and wylecote,  
 With mychty drink, and metis confortiue,  
 Aganis the sterne wynter for to striue.  
 Recreate wele and by the chymnay bekit,  
 At euin be tyme down in ane bed me strekit,  
 Warpit my hede, kest on claithis thrynfald  
 For to expell the perrellus persand cald :  
 I crofit me, syne bownit for to slepe :  
 Quhare lemand throw the glas I did take kepe  
 Latonia the lang irksom nycht  
 Hir subtell blenkis sched and watry lycht,  
 Full hie vp quhirlit in hir regioun,  
 Till Phebus right in oppoficioun,  
 Into the Crab hir propir mansioun draw,  
 Haldand the hicht althocht the son went law :  
 The hornyt byrd quhilk we clepe the nicht oule,  
 Within hir cauerne hard I schout and zoule,

Laithely

DESCRIPTION of WINTER. 277

And loudly told him what his wants require,  
A double garment, and bright-burning fire,  
And generous wine, and comfortable cheer,  
To guard against the rigour of the year.  
Warm from the hearth, and plentifully fed,  
With early eve I press'd my downy bed,  
And of soft covering added many a fold  
To dissipate the penetrating cold ;  
Then, duly cross'd, prepar'd for balmy sleep,  
When through the glass I saw pale Cynthia peep:  
Her silver orb display'd a watery light,  
And faintly glimmer'd all the livelong night;  
She calmly sailing thro' th' ethereal way,  
Full orb'd, oppos'd the glorious lamp of day,  
And reach'd the sign where Cancer's kingdoms  
glow,  
Thron'd in her zenith, tho' the Sun was low.  
In boding note, within her darksome bower,  
Where crawling ivy clasps yon antient tower,

I heard

78 DIS CRIPTION of WINTER.

Laithely of forme, with crukit camſcho beik,  
 Ugſum to here was hir wylde lriſche ſkreik.  
 The wyld geis eik claking by nychtis tyde  
 Attour the ciète fleand hard I glyde.  
 On ſlummer I flade full ſone, and ſlepyt ſound,  
 Quhill the horiſont upwart can rebound :  
 Phebus crounit bird, the nychtis orlagere,  
 Clappin his wingis thryis had crawin clere :  
 Approching nere the greking of the day,  
 Within my bed I walkynnyt quhare I lay,  
 Sa faſt declynnys Cynthia the mone,  
 And kayis keklys on the ruſe abone :  
 Palamedes birdis crowpand in the ſky,  
 Fleand on randoun, ſchapin lyk ane Y ;  
 And as ane trumpit rang thare vocis ſoun,  
 Quhaiſ cryis bene pronoſticioun  
 Of wyndy blaſtis and ventofiteis.  
 Faſt by my chalmer on hie wiſnit treis  
 The ſary gled quhiſllis with mony ane pew,  
 Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew ;



DESCRIPTION of WINTER. 279

I heard the solitary owl complain,  
 Saddening dread midnight with her hideous strain:  
 While clamorous wild-geese in long trains on high,  
 With lazy pinions fann'd the liquid sky;  
 Lull'd by the drowzy din in sleep I lay,  
 Till from the east pale gleam'd the dubious day;  
 Till chanticleer his merry notes begun,  
 Thriceclapt his wings, and call'd the lingering sun.  
 Rous'd by his orisons from sweet repose,  
 I shook off slumbers as the morning rose;  
 The morning rose, but shed a languid light,  
 And down in ocean sunk the queen of night:  
 Then jack-daws chatter'd on the chimney high;  
 And cranes renewed their voyage thro' the sky:  
 Whose piercing clamours sounded in my ear,  
 Prefage of wintery winds and tempests gathering  
 near.

Perch'd on a tree that nigh my chamber grew,  
 The kite began her lamentable pew,  
 Whereby the dawning of the day I knew;

280 DESCRIPTION of WINTER.

Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,  
 Syne bliffit me, and in my wedis dicht ;  
 Ane fchot wyndo unfchet ane litel on char,  
 Perfauyt the mornyng bla, wan and har,  
 Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are,  
 The fulze ftiche, hafard, rouch and hare ;  
 Branchis brattlyng, and blaiknyt fchew the brayis,  
 With hirstis harsk of waggand wyndil ftrayis,  
 The dew droppis congelit on ftibbil and rynd,  
 And fcharp hailftanys mortfundyit of kynd,  
 Hoppand on the thak and on the caufay by :  
 The fchote I clofit, and drew inwart in hy,  
 Cheuerand for cald, the feffoun was fa fnell,  
 Schupe with hait flambis to flemme the frefing fell.



## DESCRIPTION of WINTER. 281

Then call'd for lights, and heav'n with pray'r address,  
 And wrapt my cold limbs in the warmest vest,  
 And thro' the window half-way opening saw  
 The melancholy morningbleak and raw;  
 Thick clouds envelop'd all the mountains round,  
 And rough and rigid was the hoary ground;  
 The bare boughs clashing rattled to the blast,  
 And tall grafs trembled as the wild wind past.  
 Like pendent pearls, on every shrub that grew,  
 And every stubble, hung the frozen dew;  
 And hail-stones pattering from the chilling sky  
 Hopt on the thatch, and on the causeway by.  
 Aghast, the joyless season to behold,  
 My teeth all chattering with the piercing cold,  
 I clos'd the casement, and retir'd in haste  
 To quell with cheering blaze the horror-breathing  
 blast.

## E R R A T A.

- Page 12, line 8. for *their*, read *there*.  
 70,        5. for *lovely*, read *lowly*.  
 80,        8. for *in his fall*, read *to his fall*.  
 145,      2. read, *king of kings*.  
 164, for ver. the 3d and 4th, read  
 Not all their power, nor riches can bestow  
 One heart-felt pleasure which the meanest know.





# G L O S S A R Y

T O

## M A Y and W I N T E R.

- A** *BAK*, back, behind.  
*Abulzeit*, dressed, cloathed.  
*Affrayit*, afraid.  
*Akis*, Oaks.  
*Als*, as.  
*Amene*, pleasant, [Lat. *amœnus*.]  
*Art*, the northern Constellation, from *arctos*, *ursa*.  
*Attanis*, at once.  
*Attour*, *q. d.* out over, beyond.  
*Awin*, own.  
*Baris*, Boars.  
*Barmkin*, Rampart, Fortification.  
*Batil*, thick, rank.  
*Bekit*, basked, warmed.  
*Bene*, pleasant, from the Latin, *Bonus*.  
*Bere*, Barley; also roar, noise.  
*Bla*, livid.  
*Blaiknyt*, blacken'd.  
*Blanschit*, blanched, bleached.  
*Blenk*, a blink, a view.  
*Blout*, bare.  
*Bot*, but.  
*Bowuit*, prepared.  
*Brade*, broad. *Brede* ibid. *On brede*, abroad.  
*Bratthng*, clashing.  
*Bray*, side of a hill, bank of a river.  
*Brerde*, new sprung.  
*Bronys*, branches.  
*Brym*, fierce.  
*Bubbis*, blasts.  
*Burgeouns*, buds, young sprigs.  
*Burnis*, brooks.  
*Busuons*, huge, fierce.  
*Byprent*, besprinkled.  
*Bywauit*, made to wander.  
*Callour*, fresh, cool.  
*Camfcho*, crooked, distorted, [Lat. *camurus*.]  
*Catcluke*, the name of an herb.

## A GLOSSARY to MAY and WINTER.

- Chesal*, chisel, or shaped like a chisel.  
*Chirmyng*, chirping.  
*Chymes*, buildings or houses.  
*Clewis*, cliffs, rocks.  
*Clois*, cloyster.  
*Clynty*, flinty.  
*Crammesy*, crimson, [Fr. *cramoisi*]  
*Croude*, to coo like a dove.  
*Crowping*, the noise made by Cranes.  
*Dantit*, subdued, tamed.  
*Dafing*, congealing, benumbing.  
*Days*, does.  
*Dede*, death.  
*Defoundand*, pouring down, diffusing.  
*Derne*, lonely, solitary.  
*Deualis*, descended.  
*Dolly*, doleful, [Lat. *dolor*.]  
*Drumly*, foggy.  
*Dubbis*, pools of water.  
*Eild*, old-age.  
*Elrifche*, hideous.  
*Emerant*, green, verdant.  
*Embrote*, embroidered.  
*Endlang*, along.  
*Erd*, the Earth.  
*Eschamet*, ashamed.  
*Fale*, Turf.  
*Fauch*, grey coloured, or rather reddish, fallow.  
*Fensteris*, Windows, [Lat. *fenestra*.]  
*Ferlie*, to wonder.  
*Flaggis*, Flashes.  
*Flaw*, Blast, Wind, [Lat. *flatus*.]  
*Fleand*, flying, fleeing.  
*Fleme*, to drive away.  
*Flete*, Flow, Product.  
*Flodderit*, overflowed.  
*Fludis*, Floods.  
*Fordynnand*, echoing, resounding.  
*Forgane*, against, also over against.  
*Frawart*, froward.  
*Fruëuous*, fruitful.  
*Fulzeis*, Leaves, [Fr. *Feuille*, Lat. *Folium*.]  
*Galis*, makes a noise like a Cuckow.  
*Galzeard*, cheerful, pretty.  
*Gent*, genteel, spruce.

## A GLOSSARY to MAY and WINTER.

- Gers*, Grafs, Gyrs, *ibid*.  
*Gilty*, gilded, golden.  
*Glawe*, a Sword, [Fr. *Glaiue*, Lat. *Gladium*.]  
*Gled*, a Glead, Kite.  
*Gnyp*, to crop or browze.  
*Goufly*, ghastly.  
*Gowlis*, red, *Gules* from the Fr.  
*Granit*, having Grains, forked, scarlet, or crimson.  
*Gravis*, Groves.  
*Gre*, Degree. *Gres*, gray.  
*Greking*, Peep of Day.  
*Grete*, Sand, or Gravel in Rivers.  
*Grundin*, grinded, sharpened.  
*Gum*, Vapour.  
*Hammys*, a Collar for Horses.  
*Hant*, to frequent, use. [Fr. *Hanter*.]  
*Har*, sharp, nipping. *Hare*, hoary,  
*Harsk*, harsh, rough.  
*Hasard*, grey.  
*Haw*, blueish, cerulean.  
*Hekkil*, a Heckle, Comb.  
*Hidlis*, Hiding Places.  
*Hird*, Shepherd, Ang. Sax.  
*Hirny*, Holes, Corners.  
*Hirftis*, bare and hard parts of hills,  
*Hout*, a Holt, Wood.  
*Hy*, haste.  
*Ischit*, issued, came out.  
*Kayis*, Jackdaws.  
*Keklys*, cackled, giggled.  
*Kepe*, Notice.  
*Kirnailis*, Battlements, Parapets.  
*Kitillis*, tickles, moves. [Lat. *titillare*.]  
*Kowfchot*, a Ring-Dove, or wild Pidgeon.  
*Kyth*, to shew, make appear.  
*Laggerit*, bemired.  
*Laithely*, loathsome.  
*Landbirft*, the breaking down of Banks by the Violence of Floods.  
*Lattoun*, a mixt metal, here fig. pallid.  
*Law*, low.  
*Leis*, to lose ; *Leefe*, 1 Kings, Ch. xviii. ver. 5. in the same sense.  
*Lemand*, blazing, shining.  
*Lefuris*, Pastures, Glades.  
*Leuin*, Lightning, Light.  
*Leuys*, Leaves.  
*Leyis*, Leas, untilled Ground.

## A GLOSSARY to MAY and WINTER,

- Lochis*, Lakes.  
*Lockkerand*, curling,  
*Louis*, Praise.  
*Loukit*, locked up, enclosed.  
*Loune*, calm.  
*Lusty*, vigorous.  
*Lye*, or *Le*, a Shelter.  
*Lyft*, the Firmament.  
*Lynd*, the Linden-tree.  
*Lynnys*, Cataracts.  
*Mauys*, a Thrush.  
*Ment*, mixed, mingled together.  
*Merle*, an Ouzle, Blackbird. [Lat. *Merula*.]  
*Merefwynis*, Sea swine, porci marini.  
*Mortfundyt*, deadly cold.  
*Neis thirlis*, Nostrils.  
*Obumbrate*, shaded over.  
*OEtiane*, the ocean.  
*Orlagere*, a clock, [Lat. *horologium*.]  
*Ouerfrett*, overspread, embellished.  
*Ouerbeidland*, covering over.  
*Ouerwelterand*, overturning.  
*Peirs*, sky-coloured.  
*Pete*, a clod, or lump of earth.  
*Phanis*, not *Fanes* or *Ensigns*, (as the *Glossary* interprets it) but  
 Appearance or splendor, from the Gr. *φαινω* ostendo, splendo,  
*Pbioll*, a Cupola.  
*Plene*, to complain.  
*Powne*, a Peacock.  
*Pray*, a Meadow. [Lat. *Pratum*.]  
*Pure*, poor.  
*Puruance*, provision.  
*Pylis*, hairs, or tops of grafs.  
*Quba*, who—*Qubais*, whose.  
*Qubalis*, whales.  
*Qubile*, a wheel.  
*Qubin*, stone, hard stone.  
*Qubip*, a whip.  
*Rais*, roes.  
*Rak*, fog, mist.  
*Rakis on raw*, march in order.  
*Redemyte*, decked, beautiful.  
*Reirdit*, refounded.  
*Releischand*, mounting up.  
*Rendryng*, restoring.  
*Respand*, the rustling of reeds.



## A GLOSSARY to MAY and WINTER,

- Reffaue*, to receive.  
*Rewertis*, returns.  
*Rewesting*, cloathing.  
*Ronnys*, brambles, briars.  
*Rummyft*, rumbled, roared.  
*Rym*, the circle of a wheel.  
*Ryng*, reign.  
*Ryse*, bulrushes, may signify shrubs or bushes.  
*Sary*, sorry, sad.  
*Schaik*, to shake.  
*Schaw*, a wood, forest, or grove.  
*Schene*, shining.  
*Scherand*, cleaving.  
*Schill*, shrill.  
*Schote*, shutter of a window.  
*Schoutis*, shouts.  
*Schroudish*, covers over.  
*Schupe*, prepar'd.  
*Sege*, feat. [Fr. *Siege*.]  
*Selkouth*, strange, uncommon.  
*Semelie*, seemly.  
*Sence*, incense.  
*Sere*, several, likewise fore, violent.  
*Sesit*, rested.  
*Seye*, sea.  
*Sic*, such.  
*Sike*, a rivulet.  
*Skuggis*, shades.  
*Slak*, a bottom or valley.  
*Slekit*, smooth.  
*Snell*, piercing, sharp.  
*Snyppand*, nipping.  
*Sole*, foil. [Lat. *solum*.]  
*Soppis*, showers, clouds.  
*Sore*, sorrel, chefnut.  
*Souch*, to make a noise.  
*Spate*, foam, froth.  
*Sprayngis*, rays, streaks of different colours.  
*Sprinkilland*, gliding swiftly.  
*Spulzeit*, spoiled, robbed.  
*Stabyllit*, settled, calm.  
*Stanryis*, the shore.  
*Stede*, place.  
*Sternes*, stars.  
*Steuynnis*, notes, sounds.

# A GLOSSARY to MAY and WINTER.

*Storare*, restorer.  
*Stouis*, vapours, exhalations.  
*Stourand*, stirring.  
*Strandis*, strands,——sometimes signifies rivulets.  
*Strekit*, stretched.  
*Sulze*, the soil, ground.  
*Sulzeart*, bright, glittering.  
*Sum dele*, somewhat, a little.  
*Swardes*, the surface of the ground.  
*Syne*, then, afterwards.  
*Syon*, a scion, or young shoot.  
*Tait*, tight.  
*Tetand*, putting forth.  
*Tbareon*, their own.  
*Thoucht*, though.  
*Thrang*, in Crowds.  
*Thrid*, third.  
*Thuddis*, Blasts.  
*Till*, to, unto.  
*Trazilays*, props, or supporters of Vines.  
*Umbedrew*, withdrew.  
*Unscbet*, opened.  
*Upwarpis*, thrown up.  
*Uthyr*, other.  
*Wak*, moist, watry.  
*Wallowit*, withered.  
*Wally*, wavy, billowy.  
*Warpit*, threw.  
*Widequbare*, far and near.  
*Wissinyt*, decayed, dried.  
*Wobbis*, Webbs.  
*Wortis*, Herbs, Plants.  
*Wylecote*, a jacket next the shirt, a fly Coat.  
*Wyndilstrayis*, Windlestraws, tall Grass.  
*Yfeschokkillis*, Icicles.  
*Yfowpit*, drenched, sopt.  
*Zallov*, yellow.  
*Zard*, Yard, Garden.  
*Zere*, Year.  
*Zing*, young.  
*Zoule*, howl.  
*Zound*, yonder, farther off.



F I N I S.